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THE NEW

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The Week-end Review

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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

THERE were few who expected, a week ago, the immediate outburst of first-class civil war in Spain. No doubt the plans for a rising had been worked out, but it was precipitated by the murder of Señor Sotelo. (He, it is commonly believed, was to have been the next Dictator.) The revolt of the Morocco troops, headed by General Franco, spread like wildfire over the peninsula, and fighting has continued without intermission on the land, on the sea, and in the air. The army in general has declared for the rebels, the navy for the Government, while the air force seems to be more divided. The main defence of the Republic in the big centres of population has been in the hands of the civil workers together with the loyal militia or Civil Guard. It is impossible at this stage to predict whose will be the victory in this bloody contest. Each side, from the wireless stations which it holds, claims successes.

The Battle for Spain

As we go to press, Madrid is held by the Government, though it is threatened by columns advancing from the north, where at certain points (Pamplona especially) the rebels are in a strong position. There is fierce fighting at Toledo and other places within 30 or 40 miles of the capital. In Barcelona the rebels have been defeated, with enormous casualties reported on both sides. Other big towns in the eastern provinces are also in the Republicans' hands. In Andalusia the situation is more uncertain. Sea and air battles are in progress round Gibraltar and the Moroccan coasts; black troops have been pushed across the Straits and have advanced some way into the country, spreading death and ruin. What will follow when it is all over? If the revolt is crushed, we must expect a Government of the Left, and probably a dictatorship. Parliamentary democracy can hardly survive. The leaders of the rebellion claim to be saving Spain from "Bolshevism"; if they lose their gamble they may get Bolshevism—though what form it will take and whether it will last, no one can say. Victory for the rebels will mean the blackest reaction, beginning with a "terror" and strengthening Fascism everywhere in Europe.

The Locarno Meeting

The "three-Power Locarno" meeting is taking place in London as we write. This is to be the prelude to a five-Power meeting, in which Germany and Italy will be

asked to join, late in September or, if that cannot be arranged, in October. No attempt is to be made this week, it is understood, by the representatives of France, Great Britain and Belgium to arrive at any concerted policy beyond an agreement to embark on another effort for the settlement of Europe. That is well, as far as it goes. But on what lines is the effort to be made by the five Powers a couple of months hence? The idea of revising the "Stresa front," which Italy hankers after, may be ruled out. The Germans will doubtless contend for—and the French against—a nice comfortable arrangement in the West and a free hand in the East. There ought to be no question of the British Government, under the pressure of pro-German or anti-Russian sentiment, agreeing to any such scheme. "Peace is indivisible" in Europe, even though the machinery for securing it by collective action may be partly regionalised. A threat of war in eastern Europe is a threat to the whole Continent—including the island which cannot be isolated on this side of the Straits of Dover.

The Dardanelles

In these days of defiances, deadlocks and breakdowns, the happy ending of the Montreux Conference seems almost too good to be true. Little more than a week ago there was an ugly conflict over the British proposals, which, while they served no British interests, plainly disserved those of Russia and France and even of the League itself. Fortunately good sense prevailed in Downing Street, and the proposals were dropped. The new Convention is on the face of it a preparation for war and not for peace, for it authorises Turkey to refortify the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus. But what is important is that Turkey did not try to jump the claim. She asked for international consent to the revision of the Treaty of Lausanne, and Mr. Bruce (who made an admirable chairman of the Conference), expressed the general view when he said that her representatives had done more than solve a Turkish problem—they had set an example to the world. Nor is this all. The Montreux Convention recognises the League as the supreme arbiter on the opening or closing of the Straits in war-time, and it makes the fairest possible provision for the rights of the Powers within and without the Black Sea. Nine States (including Japan) have affixed their signatures; Italy may sign when Mussolini thinks it suits him. Pessimists, of course, will say that all we have got is another piece of paper. But there are good and bad pieces of paper, and this at any rate is one of the better sort.

"Security" in Danzig

Herr Greiser, the head of the Nazi Government in Danzig, is not the man to let the grass grow under his feet. After his song and dance at Geneva, he has gone home to enact a new set of "security" measures—rendered necessary, we are told, "by the unscrupulous action of the Opposition parties." Their general purpose is to increase the powers of the police and of the Senate, to limit the freedom of the press and the rights of association and public meeting. They include also a particular blow at the Jews in the prohibition of the slaughter of animals according to Jewish rites. All this assimilation of the State of the so-called "Free" City of Danzig to that of the German Reich bodes ill for those who have not bowed the knee to the Nazi Baal. And what does Poland think of it? It is assumed that she will raise no objection, since these are minor and domestic changes, not those "fundamental changes in the Danzig Statute" from which Herr Greiser has been warned off by the Polish Government. Mr. Lester, the High Commissioner, is, we understand, reporting his views to the League; but whether the League will venture to do anything—even to make a protest—seems very doubtful.

The South African Protectorates

General Hertzog continues his campaign for the annexation of the South African Protectorates in spite of the gentle rebukes administered by the Dominions Secretary. Much anxiety was caused among the natives a few weeks ago by the General's announcement that the Union was to "take over Swaziland in two years' time," and Bechuanaland and Basutoland soon afterwards. This suggestion flatly contradicted the pledge given in the Memorandum agreed upon by Mr. Thomas and General Hertzog last year that no transference would take place until native opinion and the British Parliament had been consulted. Last week Mr. Malcolm MacDonald announced that the Government intended to abide by the provisions of the Memorandum. He stated at the same time that the generous offer of £35,000 made by the Union for development in the Protectorates had been rejected owing to suspicion among the natives. Blandishments having failed, the Union Government is now resorting to threats. According to a Conservative questioner in the House on Tuesday, responsible persons in the Union are considering the imposition of penal tariffs against the Protectorates in order to help the natives to change their minds. British rule in Africa has not been notoriously progressive; yet no native in the whole continent would willingly surrender himself to the tender mercies of General Hertzog. In view of this fact, a definite statement that no transference in any forseeable future is contemplated would do much to clear the air.

The American Scene

In the United States, the internal Trade Union struggle continues unabated. The American Federation of Labour has not brought itself to the point of sacrificing at least a third of its membership by expelling Mr. John L. Lewis and the big Unions which support his Committee for Industrial Organisation. Mr. Green and the A.F. of L. leaders are doubtless waiting to see which way the cat will jump. If Mr. Lewis's Committee succeeds in breaking the hostility of the steel employers and unionising the steel plants on industrial lines, it will be impossible for the A.F. of L. to obstruct the further progress of the industrial type of Union, and in due course Mr. Lewis will probably supplant Mr. Green as the recognised leader of American Labour. On the other hand, if the steel campaign fails, the craft Unions will promptly attempt to reassert their authority. The future of the American Labour Movement therefore largely depends on what happens to the present drive in the steel, and to a less extent the automobile, industry. Meanwhile, politically, Mr. Lewis and his friends remain firm in support of Mr. Roosevelt's candidature, declaring their intention to put Mr. Roosevelt back this time, and only thereafter consider whether to set up an independent political machine of their own. Mr. Townsend, Father Coughlin

and the Rev. Gerald Smith, who aspires to Huey Long's mantle, appear to have joined forces in support of Mr. Lemke's Union Party, which presents the most serious threat of costing Mr. Roosevelt votes. The Townsendites, who have been in Convention, listened to some home truths about the Townsend Plan from Mr. Norman Thomas, the Socialist candidate, who unexpectedly accepted their invitation to address them. He did not shake their faith. The Lemke-Coughlin-Townsend-Smith combination seems likely to go into the presidential campaign as the united representative of all the demagogic and potentially Fascist forces in the United States.

Defence

The Defence debate on Monday revealed once again that questions of rearmament and foreign policy are inseparable. Sir Thomas Inskip referred to Britain's "total requirements," but clearly no definite meaning can be attached to this phrase until it is first discovered what nations may be looked upon as possible aggressors or potential allies. (We have to put the issue in this way because the Government are no longer even pretending to think in League terms.) It is impossible, for instance, as Sir Archibald Sinclair pointed out, to discuss the adequacy of expenditure on the Army whilst the Government refuses to make known the role assigned to it in their plans. Sir Thomas cannot fulfil the function of a Co-ordinating Minister. He cannot answer Mr. Churchill's criticisms because he does not recognise the same enemy. He acts only as a Minister of Supply attempting to ensure the most rapid general rearmament. Sir Thomas could only tell us that we are rearming for the same reason that every Government rearms—to defend "our homes, our food, our sustenance." On this basis expenditure may be unlimited, and it is not surprising that the Government still leave us in the dark as to the eventual cost of the re-equipment of the Air Force and the Army. It was natural, therefore, that the Labour Party should reiterate Mr. Attlee's refusal to support recruiting. A Socialist Opposition can hardly be expected to approve the present programme of sealed lips on the subject of foreign policy and open hand in the provision of money for rearmament.

The Means Test

The debate on unemployment assistance in the House of Commons will presumably have ended, by the time these lines are in print, in a big majority vote for the Government. The Minister of Labour, as Dr. Johnson said of Whitefield, "vociferated and made an impression"—on his own benches. He could say, what is obviously true, that the new regulations are better than the old, though that does not prove that they are good, or that the household means test in particular the real rock of offence, is anything but bad. Mr. Brown's attempt to defend the principle of this was pathetic. Justice, he argued, requires us to take account of the needs not only of the unemployed, but of the employed. True; but what sort of justice can be claimed for a scheme which says that an employed son earning 40*s*. a week only needs 28*s*. of it for himself, and that the balance of 12*s*. is to be "available" for his unemployed father? There is, in fact, no "justice" in the means test as we have it; there is only expediency from the Treasury's point of view. The opposition in the House was hot, and it is equally hot outside. Trade Unions and Labour organisations are already organising resistance up and down the country, and the fight will be hard. The Government's main hope lies in the effect of the increased allowances which some applicants will get and of the postponing, or spreading over a long period, of the reductions which others will suffer.

Labour and the Communists

Late last week the National Council of Labour, which represents the Trade Unions as well as the Labour Party, launched what was meant to be a terrific broadside at the Communist Party of Great Britain. This week, one of the most influential of British Trade Unions, the Mineworkers Federation has returned its answer by deciding to support the application of the Communist Party for affiliation to the Labour Party as a constituent body with the same status and obligations as the Socialist League, the Fabian Society, and other affiliated sections of the Labour movement. From every point of view the National Council's manifesto was a singularly ill-advised and ill-considered document. What is the use to-day of raking the files of the Comintern for antique hymns of hate against Social Democracy? The National Council scathingly denounces any sort of "United Front," adjures its followers "to refrain from association with bodies about whose origin, objects and activities there is the least suspicion," and ends by declaring that "it will not attempt to achieve a spurious unity with those who hold principles completely irreconcilable with Labour and who have no faith in democracy." The miners, apparently, have not been convinced. Nor, frankly, have we. We are far from holding the Communist Party or the Comintern blameless for the present confusion in the Labour movement; but for Socialists to concentrate on attacking Communists instead of Capitalists seems to us merely absurd.

Towards a New League

The spectacular failure over Abyssinia has led everyone to ask what is to happen to the League. We therefore asked Mr. H. N. Brailsford, who was one of the first proponents of the League idea, to examine its past history, appraise its successes and failures, and make suggestions for the future. The result is the remarkable pamphlet, entitled *Towards a New League*, which we publish to-day. We venture to say that Mr. Brailsford's conclusions must be seriously considered in the coming discussions on changes in the League constitution. The bulk of the pamphlet deals with the League not as an isolated institution, but as a factor in the story of international politics since the war. Mr. Brailsford's dispassionate analysis leads him to a conclusion which may surprise many people. He holds that European history would have been very little, if at all, different if there had been no League, that it has only succeeded where the interests of France and Britain would have compelled the same policy in any case. He urges that we need, not an emasculated League, but a federation of those Powers which can co-operate economically and culturally as well as politically, and he gives a draft outline of a possible agreement which might lead to an International People's Front.

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A LETTER FROM A YOUNG TO AN OLD TORY

DEAR Uncle,—You will remember that soon after my election to the House of Commons you encouraged me to send you my impressions from time to time.* You told me particularly to look out for the way that Mr. Baldwin managed the Labour Party. You said that there was never any reason to get hot and bothered about Socialism in this country as long as the Conservative Party remembered its technique of being personally courteous and friendly to Labour Members and seeming to allow the Opposition to have some share in government by making small concessions without really giving anything away. Well, you were quite right. But at the moment I am rather bothered that "National Unity" may be smashed up on the question of foreign policy and armaments. It was a bit of a shock to hear a decent fellow like Attlee, who was a major in the last war, declaring that he will not do anything to encourage recruiting for this Government. He is even quoted as saying that if "collective security" breaks down, Labour's opposition to war will have to "assume a purely revolutionary form."

True to your prescription of mixing with Labour Members—and you know we are all good friends in the lobbies—I tackled one very decent fellow about all this war resistance talk. I said it was surely very dangerous at a time when everyone else was arming so fast, and that I could make neither head nor tail of the Opposition's attitude. His reply was something like this:

"After the war millions of us, not only Labour people, but men of all parties, said that they would never take part in another. The only difference between us was that I and hundreds of thousands of other working-class men who had fought in the last war really meant what we said. Young University men have since said so too, but I am not sure if they have really thought out the implications of refusing to fight for 'King and Country.' Then came the issue of the League. It was obvious that the Covenant involved being ready to fight if necessary against an aggressor. I and my colleagues agreed that we must do what we could to stop war, and that merely refusing to take part in it, especially when the bombs would leave us no option anyway, was not good enough. So with some difficulty we persuaded the whole party to commit itself to collective security, explaining to them that this meant running the risk of war against Japan, Mussolini, Hitler or anyone else who started an aggressive war. But we only got this through by pledging the party to a policy of resistance against any other than a League war." When I asked him what he meant by "resistance," he read me a passage from a pamphlet called "Labour and War Resistance," which is just published by an organisation called The New Fabian Research Bureau, for 6*d*. It quoted the past resolutions of Labour Conferences, and urged that if the Government did not do a number of things like nationalising the arms industry and going a hundred per cent. into the collective security system, the Labour Party had no alternative but to pledge itself in the event of war not to serve in the armed forces or to perform work of national importance or pay taxes. I asked my Labour friend whether he did not think he would get shot if he took that attitude in war time. He said: "Yes, of course. But so will you. The only difference is that you will be buried in a Union Jack and I shall be buried in lime."

Now all this is preliminary to my main point. We have all talked about "collective security" and Sam Hoare certainly went a long way at Geneva last year. That speech won us the election. I don't mind admitting in private to you that I should not be in the House of Commons now if the Laval-Hoare proposals had come before polling day. We could still get adequate support from the Trade Unions and the Labour party as a whole, if the idea had not got abroad that the Government had no real foreign policy, and would let us down about Germany, as the Opposition said we let them down about Italy. A well-known Liberal member, who has always been a hot supporter of the League, told me the other day that he had come round to the view that this war resistance attitude is the only method of forcing the Government to return to a League policy. Notice he is not a revolutionary or anything of that kind, but a very respectable public school fellow.

The Labour people declare that the one way of getting national unity would be a clear declaration by the British Government—they say, of course, that this Government won't ever do it—that we intended to go right in with the so far loyal League States, which means, in fact, that we join up properly with the Franco-Soviet alliance and with any smaller non-Fascist States that will come in. It is this point that I particularly want to consult you about. I find that many of my friends who used to be pretty hot against Nazis have now come round to a generally pro-German point of view, and even when they are not pro-German it comes to much the same thing, because then they argue that Germany is so strong that it would be wise to give her a tip to go East and fight Russia, with the idea that one dog might eat the other. In view of all we have said about the League and collective security, I cannot say that I feel very happy about this policy, from a moral point of view. And, leaving morals aside, surely it is a grave departure from British policy. Hitherto we have always opposed the strongest power on the continent, and thrown in our weight to keep the balance. On this occasion we seem ready to support or connive at the very German ambitions we fought the last war to prevent. When I ask my colleagues why they take this view they usually mutter something about Bolshevism being the great menace. Now, of course, I have no use for Bolshevism in England or anywhere else, and if the Russians were still playing the old game of stirring up trouble abroad, I should feel as strongly as any one about it. But as far as I can make out they have really changed their policy; in Spain, for instance, I am told that they have actively discouraged the extreme Left because they are so anxious to hold democracy together against Fascism, and it is Fascism after all which has started this civil war. I was a good deal puzzled, I must say, by the *Times* statement the other day, that "Nazism has no mission to export its system to other countries." I should have thought just the opposite. Hitler himself, speaking at Munich last March, said that it was an "achievable object" to extend National-Socialism "over the whole world," and friends in the know tell me that

* vide *Letter from an Old to a Young Tory*, N.S. & N., November 16th, 1935.

large sums of Nazi money have been spent not only in Austria, but also in countries like Hungary and Rumania, with the object of setting up pro-German Fascist governments. Indeed, from the point of view of a Conservative like myself, it is Fascism to-day that is the revolutionary power. We have got our little Fascists here starting up a perfectly disgusting anti-Jewish campaign, which leads to riots and puts the police in a very awkward position, and you can scarcely find a country on the continent, let alone America and the colonies, where the same kind of thing is not being subsidised or actively encouraged by Nazi money and propaganda. I cannot help thinking that we are falling into a trap. *Mein Kampf* is, after all, a political programme compulsorily read by almost everyone in Germany. The central point of Hitler's policy has always been to keep England separate from Russia, so that he can smash up his Eastern neighbours, and then turn on to France and, if necessary, England, when it is too late for them to stand up against him. It is really remarkable how precisely Hitler has followed his programme so far, and I should think he is not the sort of fellow to be easily deterred by kind words. I have had long talks with Nazi emissaries recently—there are a great many of them about in England at present. They all explained that the furious colony propaganda in Germany to-day is not to be taken seriously. I gather that the Germans mean to use the colonies as a bargaining weapon. They will threaten to ask for the colonies back, and withdraw the threat as a price for our allowing them to do what they like in Europe. I must admit I am sceptical about this kind of bargain. It smells too much of Danegeld.

Again, speaking purely as a business man, I am not so sure that the German system is much better from the British point of view than the Russian. Fascism, like Bolshevism, has a popular impetus behind it which is very dangerous to private property. As I understand it, Fascism is a kind of religion which is encouraged and subsidised by industry, in times of depression and anxiety, but which raises up a monster which business men themselves find far from their liking when it is full grown. It is certainly an anti-individualist movement and it drives a country to excessive nationalism and in time almost certainly leads to war. Much as I loathe Communism, I cannot help thinking that the *Manchester Guardian* was right the other day in pointing out how remarkable it is that Russia, which lost more territory than any other in the last war, now has no expansionist ambitions. If the U.S.S.R. cared to call itself a "Have-not Power," it could make as just a case for regaining territory taken away from it as Germany or Italy. Even in purely business matters the contrast is not usually quite what most of my friends seem to imagine. Both in Italy and Germany the banks are in fact nationalised and savings deposits are used exclusively by the State and mainly for inflationary non-productive purposes. Thus in the long run repayment of the original deposits is only likely to be made in depreciated currency. The yield on investments is limited by legislation. Investment in productive machinery is strictly regulated, and the volume of production, especially production requiring raw materials from abroad, is determined by the State. Exports and imports are regulated and we all know the trouble caused by the restrictions of movement of capital abroad. In the Fascist countries more and more of the resources of production are used for non-economic ends, that is, for things that cannot be consumed or exported, mainly armaments, and once these countries have embarked on this policy, they cannot go back without producing a terrific economic crisis. I really cannot see how any sane business man can think this system encouraging or satisfactory from the capitalist point of view.

When we compare the Russians with their Fascist rivals as people to do business with, I cannot feel that the Fascists come out very well. The Russians, of course, defaulted on the Tsarist debts, and have not so far paid compensation for the foreign assets they expropriated. But they are paying, and have never defaulted on, the credits which were granted to them since their Revolution. Unlike Russia, Germany is a large-scale debtor on its post-war business with this country. Even if we leave aside all the reparation muddles and say nothing about the Dawes and Young loans, Germany is in default on account of all her long term credits, in spite of our unfavourable balance of trade with her. The repayment of short term debts has ceased. She pays some interest; she could easily honour her whole obligations if she preferred business to armaments. In Russia, on the other hand, improved production and the huge increase in the output of gold has stopped the Soviet dumping abroad which once made us so wild. The German method of buying first and then threatening default on the commercial debt, unless more German exports are taken in return at prices fixed by Schacht, is increasingly hampering British trade, especially in the Balkans and the Near East. To-day, though I would scarcely like to say it on an election platform, it is Germany and not Russia which is practising State-controlled dumping to the detriment of our trade. I was flabbergasted this week to hear that most of the extra imports of machine tools, vital for our rearmament, announced by Inskip in Monday's defence debate, are "additional exports" from Germany. I was told in the lobby that Germany's timely assistance to our rearmament was only possible because Schacht owed us sterling under the exchange agreement for greatly increased imports of raw materials from our Dominions!

I put forward these considerations with diffidence. As a business man, if I had to draw up a memorandum for the firm on the relative merits of the two customers, I am afraid I should have to plump for Russia.

Please don't think I've gone Bolshie or anything like that. But I am genuinely alarmed at the readiness of people of my party, not to mention newspapers, to abandon collective security, and if we mean to try to build that up again it means sticking to Russia as well as France. Actually, if we abandon Russia we shall have to abandon France too, and then where are we, even on the Western front? And it's no joke just when we are trying to re-arm to take on a first-class row with Labour. I really believe that it is in the interests of British capitalism and European peace—which is still the greatest of British interests—not to quarrel with a country which may be called Bolshevik, but which might be a good ally and business associate and which seems not to clash with our Empire anywhere that I can see. This is my view and I'm bothered if I'll let old-fashioned prejudices stop me saying so.

Your affectionate

NEPHEW

GIVING BLUM A CHANCE

THE Front Populaire Government has now been in office for six weeks, the parliamentary session is coming to its close, and it is now possible to look back on what it has done.

Its record is impressive. Its friends and its enemies alike feel that, for the first time in many years, France has a government that is not just shuffling along, but *doing* something—and doing it in grand style; and that, after suffering for years from her "security" complex, France has again taken boldly the lead in social progress. In many respects French Trade Unionism and French labour legislation lagged behind England. Now, with the forty-hour week, and compulsory holidays with pay—not to mention the new strike methods—France is again leading the way. Equally impressive is the action taken by the Front Populaire Government against the armaments manufacturers. While in England and the United States, governments are merely replying apologetically to the popular outcry against the "merchants of death," France has passed a Bill enabling the Government to expropriate any armaments firms, and place the rest under strict government control. "It is the Government's reply," one of its spokesmen said, "to the long-standing protest of French opinion against this most scandalous form of profiteering, and we hope that it will be an example to other nations."

More thorough still is the Bill just passed by the Chamber reorganising the Bank of France. The Bank of France has been currently described by the Left as the "new Bastille" which must be captured by the Front Populaire Government; and the phrase "200 families" was one of the most popular and successful slogans in the election campaign of the Left. The phrase was a reference to the 200 largest shareholders of the Bank of France, who of its 40,000 shareholders alone had a right to vote at the general meeting, and to elect the Regency Council, in accordance with the antiquated, 130-year-old statutes of the Bank. But the phrase was not used in a literal sense. The 200 largest shareholders of the banks are not all "families"; they include the Caisse des Dépôts (the central savings banks organisation), the City of Paris, and other semi-public bodies; but what the slogan meant was (to use the phrase of the recently published report by the Finance Committee of the Chamber) that "the economic and financial life of the country is dominated by a financial oligarchy, over the heads of its chosen representatives."

This is true in the sense that the Regents of the Bank of France, elected by the 200 largest shareholders, have been able, with the help of a usually complacent Governor, to determine the discount policy of the Bank, and to give preferential discount facilities to some, and to deny them to others. Thus, the Regents, who have close contacts with the heavy and trustified industries, and with the big joint-stock banks, have always been more generous to these than they have been to medium and small business, and have even been responsible, in the words of the Chamber Report, for crushing some of the smaller but eminently useful agricultural banks set up in competition with the big joint-stock banks. They were also in a position to bring political pressure to bear on the Government by denying it re-discount facilities, and by encouraging financial panics, as they did, in particular, in May, 1935, when, by refusing to raise the bank rate, they encouraged the panic until M. Flandin was forced into agreeing to the policy of deflation, which he had so long resisted. The Chamber overthrew him, but, threatened with a renewed panic, it ultimately surrendered to M. Laval, and granted him plenary financial powers. M. Tannery, the Governor whom M. Flandin had appointed earlier in the year in the hope of instituting a more elastic credit policy at the Bank, soon became an obedient tool in the hands of the Regents.

Under the new Bill, already passed by the Chamber, all the 40,000 shareholders will have a right to vote; but they will elect only the three auditors, and not the Regents. The fifteen Regents are to be replaced by twenty Councillors, partly appointed *ex-officio* by the Ministry of Finance, and partly chosen by the Government from lists of candidates representing capital, labour, banking, agriculture and other "vital forces of the nation." One Councillor is also to be elected by the staff of the Bank. The Governor will no longer need to be a shareholder, will not be allowed to enter private employment after leaving the Bank, and will so be independent of the "oligarchy." Thus, although the capital will remain in the hands of the shareholders, the management of the Bank will be practically nationalised, and will give the Government the credit facilities it will inevitably require for carrying out its programme—particularly its public works programme. The reform will be of the greatest importance, both economically and politically.

The Nationalisation of War Industries Bill is more cautious, and has been criticised for being incomplete, and the expropriation procedure has been described as being "too generous" to the *marchands de canons*. The value of the shares is to be assessed on the basis of their Bourse rate and dividends during the last seven years; and as a result of the Bill some armaments shares have actually gone up 30 per cent. on the Bourse. But granted that the Bill is imperfect and incomplete, and that its application may still leave some loopholes, it is enormously important as a beginning and as a precedent. The improvements will come in time; but there is no going back on the principle that war and the encouragement of war must never again be a source of private profit.

The proposed expropriation will cost about £12,000,000, and the Government will require funds for this as for many other things. Inflation is already in progress; but the Government holds that this is inevitable during the present difficult "transition period" of two or three months. It is clear that the Government will have to help financially many concerns through their present difficulties, and to establish at least a temporary State control over many industries, such as the coal industry, for which a pooling scheme is now under discussion. Producers, buyers and importers of coal are to be grouped together; and coal prices are to be fixed by the Government—one of the objects of the plan being to enable the weaker mining concerns to carry on, in spite of their increased costs. Compensation funds are to be set up between the richer and poorer mining concerns. In adopting this policy, the Government is trying to meet the objection put forward by M. Caillaux, who said that if the stronger capitalists accepted so readily the forty-hour week, the increased wages, and other "uneconomical" labour reforms, it was simply because they were expecting their weaker competitors to go under.

The inflation is being offset, as far as possible, by the newly launched loan, the six-months and one-year "Auriol bonds." In launching it, the Government appealed not to the Bankers, but "to the people," who, it said, must help the Government to carry out the programme they had themselves approved. I hear that the loan—in spite of the unencouraging attitude of some of the banks—is doing fairly well, and that in the factories round Paris the workers are organising the subscriptions among themselves—and are also getting the employers to subscribe. I have just met a young workman who has put all his savings—2,000 frs. (£25)—into the Auriol bonds.

M. Salengro, the Minister of the Interior, made a speech on Sunday which has started a row in the Right press. "I think I must warn those," he said, "who by any kind of manœuvres attempt to overthrow this Government, that they will take upon themselves a heavy responsibility. If the Government is overthrown, the discussion will continue in the street." The Right press has naturally accused M. Salengro of "encouraging illegality" and (with a sudden concern for democracy) of "blackmailing parliament." But was M. Salengro's statement really as wicked as it may seem? The country has returned a Front Populaire majority, and it is full of pride and hope. The overthrow of the Blum Government, in the middle of its "experiment," would naturally shatter these hopes, arouse bitter resentment against those who had refused to give this

Government a chance, and it might lead to rioting. It would mean an anti-parliamentary reaction on the Left. M. Salengro uttered no threats; he simply tried to foresee what the reaction would be, and his forecast is probably correct.

One only had to witness the hope and the enthusiasm of those hundreds of thousands of men and women who, on July 14th, carried their banner to the Place de la Nation to realise their anger and despair if the Front Populaire experiment were cut short. One of the songs they sang was composed at the time of the winegrowers' strike before the war, to celebrate the refusal of the soldiers of the 17th Infantry Regiment to fire at the strikers:

Salut à vous, salut à vous,
Braves soldats du dix-septième,
Salut à vous, salut à vous,
Chacun vous admire et vous aime.
Salut à vous, salut à vous
Pour votre geste magnifique,
Vous auriez, en tirant sur nous,
Assassiné la Ré—pub—li—que.

It was like a warning to the Senate and to the Radicals not to "shoot down" the Blum Government.

A hard time lies ahead of the Government, and it is still difficult to say how it will succeed financially. For the present unemployment has slightly increased, and exports declined sharply in June—but this was largely due to the strikes, and M. Spinasse, the Minister for Economic Affairs, has promised to help the export trade to overcome the difficulties created by increased labour costs until conditions have "adjusted themselves."

There is no doubt that the Blum experiment will involve a considerable amount of subsidising and State control in numerous branches of the economic life of the country; but M. Spinasse emphatically denied that the Government proposed to establish a closed economy after the Italian or German model by means of exchange control.

> "This," he said, "would mean economic isolation; and we do not intend to abandon for a mere illusion of stability the well-being and prosperity that are to be gained from international trade. And although we do not deny that ingenious devices such as 'compensation cheques' may be adopted for a time, we hold that, in the long run, no definite revival is possible so long as international trade is hampered by currency restrictions."

M. Spinasse also made a passing reference to an international equalisation fund as a means of restoring trade. What it all means is that the present French Government will, during the "transition period," inflate the currency for its most urgent needs, but will try at the same time to offset this inflation by borrowing from the ordinary citizen (hence the "Auriol bonds.")

Thanks to the higher wages and increased purchasing power, financial stability and economic activity may, it hopes, be restored in a few months' time, and there will then be no inducement for investors to export their capital. At the moment, owing to the warning given to holders of assets abroad, there was a slight net increase in the gold reserve of the Bank of France in its last two weekly statements; but this process of repatriation may not continue. And if the drain of gold sets in again, in spite of the Government's efforts to restrain it, then it will be faced with the alternatives of exchange control and devaluation. The Government is in favour of neither; and it is probable that before making a choice (if it has to make it), it will at least attempt to reach a stabilisation agreement with Britain; in which case the principal objection to devaluation would disappear—that is, the uncertainty of the future of sterling. But in the absence of such an agreement it is still difficult to say which course France would choose. Devaluation—from a "liberal" point of view—would seem to be by far the lesser evil; but the Communists are against it, and they have to be reckoned with. Their critics attribute this opposition to devaluation to two possible motives: their desire for increased State control in all matters, and—their desire to see the Blum Government fail in its experiment.

Although this alleged preference for "closed economy" is consistent with Communist principles, one may doubt whether they will oppose devaluation in the long run. There are, of course, various reasons why a collapse of the Blum experiment might play into the hands of the Communists. But are they so certain that it would? I somehow do not see the Communists turn out the Blum Government and break up the Front Populaire on such an issue. The C.G.T., which contains many Communist elements, is openly devaluationist; and when the time is ripe the C.G.T. may be in a good position to provide the Communists with the necessary excuse for not opposing devaluation any longer; and for "saving" the Front Populaire. They will realise then, as they no doubt realise now, that the pros and cons of this or that financial policy are insignificant in comparison with the powerful feeling in the country that the Front Populaire Government must be given a chance—even if devaluation becomes a condition of its success.

Paris. ALEXANDER WERTH

THE LAST PHASE IN ABYSSINIA

EVEN in her death struggles, Ethiopia remains true to the African tradition, and is providing the world with something new. There can surely be no precedent for the present situation. Italy has neither conquered nor pacified the country, the most populous parts of which are still untouched, but she is in a position to blow up or smother with poison gas any town, village, or concentration of troops. This seems to constitute a *de facto* occupation, but only the Republic of San Marino would appear to have acknowledged it, and the huge area is now a problem for international lawyers. Once the rains are over, Italian planes can easily reach a specified point in Ethiopia within an hour or two. From this point of view the only limits to her dominion are the territories of other Powers—France and Great Britain. Yet to occupy the same places by land might take weeks of travelling, and involve much doubtful fighting. It looks as if we shall have to revise all our ideas about "effective occupation" and sovereignty. Yet in Europe people are still thinking in terms of the Boer War and of "provisional Governments moving to places of safety."

It is not merely that Abyssinian communications are specially bad. Flying has entirely altered the position over all North-East Africa. The Sudan, south of Khartoum, Eritrea, the three Somalilands, are equally dependent on pack animals, on lorries moving slowly over rough roads or steamers doing their three or four miles an hour. The aeroplane covers in a few hours distances which take several days by land if the route is prepared, and weeks if it is not. Anyone who has read Mr. Churchill's *River War*, and knows the country, can imagine what would have happened if aeroplanes had been developed thirty years sooner. Kitchener would certainly have got to Khartoum in a few weeks, and there would probably have been no great battle at Omdurman. No such large concentration of the Khalifa's troops would have been possible, and the unfortunate Abdullah would have found that any place to which he went would have been immediately destroyed. On the other hand, the Fashoda incident would have turned out very differently, for Marchand would presumably have been supported and supplied by French aeroplanes, and their claim to the southern provinces would have been incontestable. The question before the world is whether the ability to bomb and gas any specified area is equivalent to effective occupation, so long as there is no other Power bombing and gassing over the same piece of country.

Throughout an area considerably larger than Great Britain there are no Italians. Here and there are pockets of more or less stable Ethiopian government—at Gore, Maji, and elsewhere. This western part was always rather casually controlled by the central Government—it is useless to deny that the Gallas saw the worst side of Amharic rule. Yet the administration was rapidly improving, especially in the extreme south-west where Colonel Sandford was Governor. Perhaps it would be fair to say that while the Gallas looked to the

Emperor as their inevitable ruler, they were thankful when the Government did not function too much. It is an attitude common enough in the East. Now that the Government is weak, life goes on much as usual. Returning travellers talk of villagers who have not heard of the war. Trade is fairly brisk, and coffee has been coming down to Gambeila at the unusually high rate of eighteen tons a day. Wolde Tadik at Gore has a skeleton administration, collecting some local dues, but hampered by lack of funds. There is even a branch of the Bank of Ethiopia still active, though its head office has been confiscated. Ras Imru, with a few thousand fighting men, is only one of several chiefs still under arms in the west.

Over all this hangs the sword. It is known that the Italians can ultimately destroy from the air any organised Government and make it difficult to collect and maintain an organised army above a certain size. Against small groups, operating without definite headquarters, the air control breaks down, especially in the rains. Europe is only allowed to hear about a few of the " unfortunate incidents " which are making life difficult for the occupying army, and which increase in number immediately the Italians leave their few strongly held posts or certain specified and protected routes. They can destroy the wasps' nest but not the wasps.

In all this the Englishman's position is miserable enough. On one point everyone is agreed. All over the Near East " our name is mud." In these parts there has never been any doubt about Italian intentions. Relations between British and Italian officials were friendly enough until last summer, and the latter made no secret about their preparations, or their engineering of " frontier incidents " as a preliminary to an attack. It was assumed that France and England had come to some arrangement. The attitude of both countries, *locally*, even after war had begun, suggested that the French in Jibuti, and ourselves in the Sudan expected and desired a speedy if partial conquest of Ethiopia. Our Foreign Office, which controls the Sudan, was playing a very tortuous game. It had one policy at home and at Geneva, another in Africa, and the discrepancies were painfully obvious to the whole of the Near East. We and the French now appear as dishonest bunglers, who did everything possible to prevent Ethiopia getting arms or credit, or even making terms with Italy on her own, but in the end are not able to dictate the settlement.

Having once put ourselves into a false position, every action we take, every comment we make, only seems to make us more futile and more ridiculous. The sanctimonious Mr. Eden would appear to be rebuking the Emperor for leaving the country. Now there is undoubtedly much feeling amongst the remnants of the Ethiopian army against Haile Selassie and his advisers. The Negus is blamed for continuing to trouble about the League of Nations instead of making some sort of a peace on his own. The older chiefs hardly appreciate the impossibility of keeping organised forces in the field against an army with complete control of the air. But a British Foreign Minister is the last person in the world to criticise the Emperor, or the credentials of any alternative Government which may be in existence. For eight months the English gave the Ethiopian Government nothing but bad advice, and would have given it nothing more even if it had continued to function in a more formal manner after the fall of Addis Ababa. On the other hand, by doing so the Emperor would possibly have decreased the effectiveness of the Abyssinian resistance, and needlessly endangered a number of lives.

What should be our attitude towards the guerilla fighting which is now developing? The Ethiopian likes fighting in the rain, so that it may well die down in the fair weather and break out again in future years. At a House of Commons meeting last May, I found that members of all parties seemed determined on one point. Resistance to Italy would never be held by us to be rebellion. Within two months most of our press is accepting the Italian view that the men who cut the railway and ambush their flying men are " bandits." The obvious corollary that they can be suppressed by any means which the Italians may choose is not of much practical importance. From the first the Italians observed no rules of war, and the Abyssinians very few. But there are other questions involved. Have Englishmen any right, either collectively or individually, to encourage further Ethiopian resistance? If so, how can that help be given?

It should first of all be made clear to Wolde Tadik, or any representative of the Emperor, that there is no hope of effective intervention by the League or by the British Government, and that no Italian atrocities will alter that fact. If, however, the Ethiopian wants to go on fighting, feeling perhaps that life under the Italians would not be worth living, then there would seem to be no reason why he should not get such assistance as an ordinary combatant has a right to expect. His Government should get such added prestige as may come from foreign recognition. He should be able to import arms, if he can pay for them, and raise credits privately. On this last point official opinion in the Sudan is strongly against allowing arms to pass through British territory. Mr. Eden has adopted their view, but with the disingenuousness of the party politician he has justified it in England on totally false grounds. He has stated that the admission of arms would lead to a civil war, presumably between Amharas and Gallas. There is not the faintest justification for this astute gloss on the official report, though it probably helped the Government round an awkward corner in the House of Commons.

Such pockets of Government as exist are Amharic and Galla mixed, but the former, as the old official class, naturally predominate. They are functioning amongst people, mostly Galla, who are still armed, though only inefficiently and without much ammunition. There is no evidence of any civil war, or any likelihood of one in view of the Italian threat. Assistance in the way of arms and ammunition would lengthen the war, and might even make the Italian position untenable. It is utter hypocrisy to pretend that any other question is involved. Individually no Englishman has any right to tell the Ethiopian that he ought to go on fighting, unless he is prepared to fight himself; but given the fact that many are determined to go on, knowing that there is no hope of outside intervention, then I cannot see why they should not get such arms as they can purchase.

G. T. GARRATT

Khartoum, July.

A LONDON DIARY

A FOREIGN diplomat who was in a position to watch the Montreux Conference from the inside tells me that the unexpected hitch was the result of German intervention. At the outset British Ministers agreed that the Turkish and Russian proposals were entirely reasonable. No difficulties were anticipated. Then the Nazis got at the British and threatened to reopen the Anglo-German naval agreement if Britain supported the U.S.S.R. Thereupon the British put up their surprising proposals to bottle up Russian battleships in the Black Sea and to make belligerent rights equal for the victim and for the promoter of aggression. This seemed meaningless unless an attack on the U.S.S.R. was contemplated. Russia countered the German views by threatening to leave the Conference. The British at once recalled the existence of the League and dropped their preposterous conditions.

* * *

It has been the old army game in Spain and the leaders have been men of the old adventurer type. General Goded, for instance, who is reputed to have surrendered at Barcelona, tried to bring off a coup in 1933. He was found on that occasion to be on terms with the Anarcho-Syndicalists, some of whom are accused by the Socialists of having been successfully corrupted by the Fascists. There is certainly a theoretical analogy at some points between Anarcho-Syndicalism and Fascism which may have helped the Fascists to make converts when there was the immediate prospect of a coup. More remarkable is the history of General Sanjurjo, who is reported to

have been killed. He had a large measure of responsibility for the collapse of the monarchy. At the beginning of 1931 he was in charge of the Civil Guard, and when there still seemed hope of saving the monarchy he was summoned by the Cabinet to give his opinion about the loyalty of his men. He shrugged his shoulders, which was interpreted as a gesture of despair and led to the declaration of the Republic. He subsequently made it known that the Civil Guard might perfectly well have been loyal, but that he preferred not to risk Civil War. Having thus let the king down on the ground of an objection to Civil War, he engaged in Civil War in the following year on his own behalf. That is to say, he set up a provisional government at Seville and issued a proclamation which included long passages taken out of the proclamation of the very government which he was attacking. He went to gaol and came out by amnesty in 1934. It might almost have been foreseen that he would reappear as one of the leaders in an Army revolt with the avowed object of restoring the monarchy which he, more than any single person, had ousted. The *Times* obituary referred to him as a "diplomatist of considerable talent and tact." So now we know what the three words diplomacy, talent and tact mean.

* * *

Mr. Cecil Lewis is one of the very few flying aces who survived the war and the only one as far as I know who has since developed considerable literary ability. He began to fly at sixteen and was only twenty when the war ended. Since then he has done many things, worked at the B.B.C., written film scenarios and become an expert on television. He has now broken off to write a very remarkable war-book—the first book that has come my way which really explains the psychology of the young airman. *Sagittarius Rising* (which Bernard Shaw is reviewing in this journal next week) is far more than a grand adventure story with descriptions of lunatic daring and incredible single-handed combats 5,000 feet above the earth. Mr. Lewis has the literary skill to recapture for us the states of mind of the airman; the God-like experience, for instance, of finding himself on occasion flying above the clouds in the sunlight, catching glimpses of a quiet countryside, only suddenly to look down a few minutes later on a scene of indescribable desolation with the shells' bursting beneath him and the smoke of sacrifice rising up to pay homage to his divinity. He describes his first experience of gas:

> I can see it at this moment as clearly as I could that day, for it remains with me as the most pregnant memory of the war. It was, in fact, the symbol of our enlightened twentieth century: science, in the pursuit of knowledge, being exploited by a world without standards or scruples, spiritually bankrupt. . . . The next war will see that yellow drift not stealing down into front-line dug-outs, but along London streets. My breed, the pilots, whose war has been more chivalrous, and clean handed than any other, will be ordered to do violence to the civilian population. We shall drop the gas bombs and poison the reservoirs. We shall kill the women and children. Of course, the thing is insane; but then, if the world submits to the rule of homicidal maniacs, it deserves to be destroyed. For, intellectually, the problem is not insoluble. . . . We are aware that the incredibly rapid development of communications has telescoped space and time. . . . international relations should have international control. . . . this is clear and simple: World state, world currency, world language. It would demand new disciplines, new allegiances, new ideals. Probably two or three more world wars would be necessary to break down the innate hostility to such changes; but that is the way it must go . . . It is a fight between intellect and appetite, between the international ideal and armaments. The latter will probably win the first two or three rounds; but, if civilisation is to survive, the ideal must win in the end. Meanwhile, if a few million people have to die violent deaths, that cannot be helped. Nature is exceedingly wasteful.

* * *

One sees in Mr. Lewis a forerunner of that breed of pilots who are some day, if Mr. Wells is right, to force us into a sane internationalism. At present few pilots have the chance to be anything but extreme nationalists. I understand that the authorities are very careful that R.A.F. flying certificates should only go to young men who wear the old school tie. Some reason or other—the medical examination comes in handy here—is found for excluding even the best-qualified mechanic. If you want to see how some of these young men who are to control the most powerful weapons in the world are actually thinking, you must read that astonishing paper *The Aeroplane*. At the time of the trial of the engineers in Moscow, the editor said that the R.A.F. was all waiting for orders to bomb Leningrad and almost every week he repeats the same ambition in some form. No cause of quarrel with Russia seems necessary: *The Aeroplane* just wants us to bomb the Bolshies. It is a very odd phenomenon at a time when on the surface at least British and Russian interests seem identical.

* * *

Austria must now be added to the list of countries about which the foreign correspondent writes truthfully only at his peril. Was it only coincidence that the announcement of the agreement with Hitler came almost at the same moment as the Austrian Government's proclamation of an extremely severe "law for the defence of the State?" This "emergency" law (which means that it does not even come before the nominated legislative councils) closely follows the lines of German and Italian laws. It provides for as much as ten years' imprisonment for illegal political activity and also directly threatens the foreign correspondent. It provides that any foreigner will be expelled (in addition to imprisonment up to three months) who spreads "a false report calculated to cause public uneasiness or to influence foreign opinion in an unfavourable manner without sufficient grounds for believing it to be true." The same penalty is applied to anyone who publishes a forecast of events under similar conditions. Subsection 5 and subsection 3 repeat threats to expel foreigners for similar offences. Section 17 provides the same penalty for any foreigner who "in any way whatever" gives support to a secret news service which is carried on "to the disadvantage of Austria." Since the Fascist courts will decide what is "false" and what is "unfavourable," this means that a foreign correspondent in Austria who is not prepared to run these risks of imprisonment or expulsion is practically confined to official sources of information.

* * *

A correspondent writes: I think the incident mentioned below may be of interest to the readers of the "London Diary," as an instance of the extent to which the Nazi spy system works over here.

A German refugee who had been staying in London, used to buy regularly from a newspaper vendor at Marble Arch *Das Neue Tagebuch*, a weekly journal very similar to the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION over here, which until 1933 was published in Germany, but is now issued from Paris. One day when he went as usual to get his copy he was told by the newspaper man that the current issue had been delayed in arrival, and suggested that as the German was a regular customer of his, he should give him a note of his name and address and the copy could be posted on to him. This was accordingly done and the German continued to buy his *Neue Tagebuch* regularly. Just over three weeks ago he returned to Germany for a visit, and on arrival at the frontier was asked what newspaper he read regularly in England. He replied at once, *The Daily Mail*, as this paper has the approval of the Nazi government. "Oh no, you do not, that is a lie," came the answer, "we have a note of your name and address in London and information that you were a regular reader of *Das Neue Tagebuch*." The unfortunate man was at once sent to a concentration camp, where he has since remained with no hope of release.

* * *

We have been a shockingly long time in turning the Foundling Hospital site into a children's playing field, but on Tuesday, after ten years' effort, Coram's Fields were at length officially opened. I used to live opposite the Foundling site, and even occasionally went over to hear Handel's organ in the chapel. I remember well the indignation of all of us who lived in the district when it was suggested that the builders should have their way with this jolly piece of open ground with fine trees in

the middle of an area where cars can hardly move in the street without running over children. That the site is saved at all is due to the determined work of disinterested people like Mrs. G. M. Trevelyan. Lord Rothermere's help softens my heart towards a man who, in almost every other direction, seems to me to have done more harm to English public life than anyone else alive. The pavilion that he has erected in the new playing fields will be the one memorial to Lord Rothermere of which a public man might be legitimately proud.

* * *

A rather comic picture appeared in the papers on Wednesday of a gentleman in a frock-coat operating a road drill. Other pictures showed experienced working-men demonstrating the remarkable efficiency of drills in digging up concrete. The main interest of the exhibition was to test out a "silencing" gadget, and speakers made strong remarks about the devastating effect in business houses when road operations were in process. The point that everyone seemed to miss was the appalling effect of this new instrument of torture on the workmen who actually operate drills. The vibration is terrific, and how long either their nerves or their ear drums stand the strain I don't know.

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to Mr. J. M. Cameron.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

An even better index of national recovery and optimism than dry statistics is to be found in the sale-rooms. When men are poor and frightened they will not buy Rembrandt etchings and Italian majolica. —*Observer.*

Ann Maritza, *Sunday Referee* astrologer, foretold the King's danger on January 26th last. She wrote :—"He will be in personal danger during the first ten months of his reign, but he will then enjoy a long and prosperous period on the Throne."

The *Sunday Referee* deleted the words which told of the King's peril in order not to alarm the public.—*Sunday Referee.*

How it feels to be in gas attack. You need not be frightened: New masks are "comfy."—*Daily Sketch.*

"Dew-walking" is the newest beauty-aid adopted by Mayfair's health-seekers.

During the past few weeks, luxurious limousines have been slipping out of Mayfair in the grey dawn, carrying parties of society girls from the West-End night clubs and receptions to the cooling calm of Hampstead Heath or out into the country.

Here the ritual of "dew-walking" is solemnly observed. Shoes and stockings are discarded and the beauty seekers walk a certain number of slow steps through the dew-drenched grass.

Then home to breakfast.

"It is a revival of an age-old health recipe," a West-End beauty expert said yesterday.

"It has an invigorating effect on the 'patient.'"—*Sunday Referee.*

The vicar said he had recently returned from a holiday, and observations of bathers had convinced him that men were all angles and bones. "Every part of the male composition ought to be covered," he declared. "I would not say the same about the female. She is a delight to look upon, all curves, symmetry, and perfect grace. Men are perfectly horrible."—Vicar of St. John's Parish Church, Blackpool, reported in *Manchester Guardian.*

Hair Cut and Shaving while you wait.—Notice in shop window in N. Finchley.

Lady Astor, M.P., made history this evening, when she flew in the Royal 'plane with the Duke of Kent from Plymouth to London.

When she alighted at Hendon Aerodrome, she was the first woman M.P. ever to have flown in an aeroplane with a member of the Royal Family from Plymouth to London.—*Western Morning News.*

ULSTER AND WESTMINSTER

LAST week Mr. Baldwin replied to an all-party committee of Members of the English House of Commons who had asked him to institute an inquiry into the Belfast riots of a year ago. "This," he said, "is a matter entirely within the discretion and responsibility of the Government of Northern Ireland, and for fundamental constitutional reasons the possibility of holding an inquiry by the Imperial Government is completely ruled out."

It is unfortunate that Mr. Baldwin has not given the "fundamental constitutional reasons" which make an inquiry into the Acts of the Northern Ireland Government impossible. For the recent report issued by the Commission of Inquiry appointed by the Council for Civil Liberties, to investigate the working of the Special Powers Act, has shown that some such inquiry is most necessary. This report cited evidence to show that Habeas Corpus was suspended and people were being kept in prison without trial and that the Ulster Government were using their emergency powers, not so much for the preservation of order, but to maintain their own party position.

In the past the Northern Ireland Government has depended for maintaining its position on very heavy grants-in-aid from the British Exchequer. Last July, law and order were only restored by the use of British troops paid for and maintained by the British Government. Without the support of English troops and the English Exchequer, the Orange Government in Northern Ireland would long ago have collapsed. Nevertheless, it is Mr. Baldwin's view that the English Parliament has no right to inquire into the methods by which the Northern Ireland Government exercises the powers preserved for them at the expense of the English Parliament. "Fundamental constitutional reasons" prevent it.

That there should be any such constitutional bar to the Government at Westminster interfering was certainly not the intention of the framers of the Government of Ireland Act 1920, from which the Ulster Government derives its powers. This Act was intended to give a very limited Home Rule to both the South and to the North of Ireland, and was a substitute for Asquith's 1914 Act. So far as the South was concerned, the Act was never implemented and was two years later superseded by the Free State Constitution. But when the Government of Ireland Act was introduced and discussed, attention was largely directed to the powers that the British Government would retain in respect to Southern Ireland, and the most definite assurances were given by Government spokesmen that the Act had been so drafted as to preserve the supremacy of the British Parliament. And indeed, at first sight, it would seem that this had successfully been done. The final section of the Act reads : "Notwithstanding the establishment of the Parliament(s) (of Southern and) Northern Ireland or anything contained in this Act, the supreme authority of the Parliament of the United Kingdom of Great Britain shall remain unaffected and undiminished over all persons, matters, and things in (Northern) Ireland and every part thereof."

This is as strong an assertion of supremacy as that contained in the celebrated Declaratory Act of 1765 in which the British Parliament proclaimed its authority over the American Colonies.

It is clear that if Mr. Baldwin is right and the British Government cannot constitutionally interfere in Northern Ireland, the late Lord Birkenhead and those other distinguished lawyers who framed the Government of Ireland Act were wrong and that Act was passed by Parliament under a misapprehension. The position is the more serious because if Mr. Baldwin is right and the British Government cannot appoint a Commission of Inquiry, it is doubtful if anyone can. At any rate, the powers of the Ulster Government are so limited that it would be impossible for them to appoint a High Court Judge as Chairman.

In any case, whether or not the British Government can intervene in the case of the Belfast riots, they are certainly bound by the promises given when the Act was passed to

intervene when there is a clear violation of the Government of Ireland Act.

The Commission appointed by the Council for Civil Liberties pointed out that where the Special Powers Act had provided for the seizing of property without compensation there was a violation of the Constitution. But there may be another and much more serious violation of the Government of Ireland Act which goes to the root of the Special Powers Act, which is in its turn the foundation of the authority of the Ulster Government. One of the principal functions of the regulations made under that Act is to suspend Habeas Corpus. Section 67 of the Government of Ireland Act says that the powers conferred by section 16 of the Irish Habeas Corpus Act "shall not be exercised and that section shall be repealed." The section of the Habeas Corpus Act referred to is that which gave the Irish Government authority to suspend Habeas Corpus by executive action. The one interpretation of this section of the Government of Ireland Act is that it not only repeals the power to suspend Habeas Corpus by proclamation, but also prohibits the Ulster Government from exercising in any other way a similar power. This was, at any rate, the interpretation that the Government placed upon the Act. Sir Laming Worthington-Evans said in the House of Commons: "... This clause will have the effect of repealing the power to suspend the Habeas Corpus Act. We do not think it would be right to leave such a power in the hands of the subordinate Parliaments." As the repealed section of the Irish Act gave power to the executive and not to Parliament to suspend Habeas Corpus, Sir Laming's words show something more than the bare repeal was intended and this is borne out by the alterations made in the Clause in Committee.

If this interpretation is correct the British Government not only can, but is bound, to intervene. BARRISTER

THE GOLDEN TREASURY AND THE WIDOW'S MITE

Mr. Baldwin urged the universities to produce more poets to inspire the world with a sense of unity and freedom.—*Daily Telegraph*, July 15th.

Mr. Chamberlain refused to consider raising the annual sum of £1,200 now allotted in pensions for services to art, science, literature, and learning.—News item, July 14th.

What if, at Baldwin's summons, poets wake
(Whom England loves to honour and reward)
Like tameless Milton, who for vengeance roared,
The time some Swiss were clubbed for conscience' sake,
Or Shelley, speaking scorpions to shake
The scurvy politicians he abhorred,
Or Wordsworth, who for Negroes drew the sword,
Or harsh, angelic scourge of Mammon, Blake!

Would not their thunders raging past control
In freedom's fight, start statesmen on the run,
Who safely now invite and safely shun
The danger of the Muse upon the dole?
But God, inscrutable upon the whole,
Us many Baldwins sends, but poets none.

SAGITTARIUS

Correspondence

BRITISH FOREIGN POLICY

SIR,—I think you are assuming far too much when you say in reply to Mr. Keynes that "the Fascist Powers now know that they have nothing to fear from this Government, armed or unarmed, unless they attack the British Empire or invade the Western front." I believe there is just as much confusion of thought and divided counsels among the Conservatives at present, as there is amongst my own party. While a section of them are sympathetic with the Fascist Powers and would like them to have a free hand against Russia in return for peace in the West, I believe the majority of the Conservatives still have the horse sense to realise that such a policy will only mean a temporary peace until such time as Hitler, having obtained domination in Central and Eastern Europe, is ready to crush democratic and Socialist France and then demand the British Empire in Africa. After all, Hitler is only pursuing traditional German tactics, adopted with success by Frederick the Great and Bismarck, in dividing Europe and dealing with each separately. There are large numbers of Conservatives who realise this, even now. Do not let us therefore lose our heads and talk about organising resistance to a war in which we are ranged alongside of Germany against Russia. No one would be stronger for resistance against that kind of war than I should be, but it is time to talk like that, when it is clear that the Londonderry group has got control of the Conservative Party.

If that is the position then, it is surely madness to oppose all rearmament. There is, however, a strong case for increased pressure on the Government in the country and in Parliament to force them to make up their minds. The danger to-day is not that this Government has a nefarious plan but that it has no plan at all. M. PHILIPS PRICE

House of Commons.

SIR,—Mr. Keynes is, I think, right to insist on the importance of building up a strong Britain. Whether he is right in assuming that the intentions of the Government, so far as collective security is concerned, are honourable is another matter which, however, I do not think really affects the argument. The point seems to me to be this, that if we demand government then we must see that steps are taken to create the machinery of government. We would all agree that, ideally, strong arms are not a necessary instrument of government. But the conditions with which we are faced to-day are not ideal. Having failed to bring about complete disarmament after the war and having taken no steps to prevent the rearmament of Germany, we must regard the present rearmament programme as the price which we have to pay for our past negligence.

As to the possibility that the arms may be used for the wrong purpose, that seems to me to be a risk which we cannot avoid running. The existing machinery for the maintenance of "law and order," the police force, is machinery, which in unscrupulous hands could be used to suppress liberty. We would not grant, however, that that was an argument for dispensing with the police force. It is merely an argument for taking every possible step to prevent the abuse of authority in high places.

Democracy is our one safeguard against such abuse. As a safeguard it is admittedly imperfect, but even with its imperfections it is a weapon which the Labour Party ought with skill to be able to use with considerable success. I suggest, therefore, that from now onwards the Labour Party should level its attack against the Government both inside and outside the House, in roughly the following terms:

"To counter the armed forces of Fascism we need a strong League and therefore a strong Britain. We agree that there are difficult territorial and trade problems which might in due course be settled. We insist however that the only way to settle these problems is by peaceful negotiation. The use of force (and Germany has given us ample grounds for supposing that she may resort in the end to force), apart from the appalling destruction of human life which it will entail can only set loose the same hatreds which made the unjust partition of Europe at the end of the last war inevitable.

"We believe that a strong League issuing the clear warning that force will be met by force will be the most effective check against Hitler repeating the Kaiser's mistakes of 1914. The National Government by its dilatoriness over the Abyssinian question and by its apparent willingness to negotiate with Hitler after his unilateral denunciation of Versailles and Locarno (by his departure from the League in 1933, by rearming secretly, by reintroducing conscription and finally by re-militarising the Rhineland), is giving every encouragement to the Fascist Powers to persist in their warlike methods. We therefore demand that the Government shall state clearly its intention to ally itself with the countries which are making for peace at the present time, against those which have been in large part responsible for the deterioration in European political conditions since 1933."

Having taken a positive stand over collective security, the Labour Party cannot logically vote against armaments which in the last resort are the only means of enforcing that security. If it is to play its proper part as the *responsible* opposition of the Government it must content itself with forcing out of the Government a declaration of its policy. In the absence of that declaration it must then rely on a carefully tutored public opinion reasserting itself as it did at the time of the Hoare-Laval Peace Proposals. The Peace Ballot is not dead. It is merely dying for the lack of the leadership which it is the duty of the Labour Party to give.

46 Beverley Court, W. L. B. FAIRWEATHER
Chiswick, London, W.4.

SIR,—Mr. Keynes is right. His desire that those countries whose policies are peaceful should be "as formidable as possible" is most decidedly open to criticism—and to much more than criticism.

Does Mr. Keynes know the meaning of the term "formidable"? If so, does he realise what his *desideratum* implies? It implies that the peace that would (perhaps) ensue would be based on the abject fear of all the non-formidable nations. To put it mildly, how pleasant for us all! But let us consider a few of his arguments.

"I believe," says Mr. Keynes (who is, for an economist, exceedingly ingenuous), "that our country . . . can be trusted, whatever Government is in power, not to use its armaments for sinister purposes." Perhaps the bombing of outlying villages is not a sinister purpose. The outlying villagers should be asked their opinion. So, also, should the Chinese. Why the Chinese? Well, I'll tell Mr. Keynes something said to me in Shanghai by a very prominent English business-man, at the time when the Japanese, making themselves "as formidable as possible," were keeping peace in the Far East (they swore they were) by razing Chapei to the ground. "The Japanese," said my English friend (a devout Christian, by the way), "are simply holding the baby for us. If they didn't do this we should have to." I make bold to affirm that that was the almost unanimous opinion of English business-men in Shanghai. Mr. Keynes should know what their opinion was in England. If he does not, Mr. Amery will enlighten him. Now, does Mr. Keynes think that if our Government had been *compelled* to take sides in that Sino-Japanese "dispute" (they are all "disputes" nowadays), but had been free to choose which side they pleased, they would have supported the Chinese? Again, if he does not know, he should ask Mr. Amery.

Mr. Keynes would have his group of white-souled nations so formidable that "only a madman would affront it." *That* is how he would ensure peace! Does he not realise that some madman inevitably would affront it? For that matter, the fear inspired by the formidable group would itself create the madmen.

Another rather important question that Mr. Keynes has apparently failed to ask himself is: How are the "outsiders" to *know* that our aims are fundamentally peaceful? From our past record? I invite Mr. Keynes to make a tour of London, to inspect our unrivalled assortment of war memorials. In any case, have not the "Brigand Powers" (as he rather impolitely calls them) cynically admitted that they have simply been taking leaves out of our book—our not-yet-closed book?

No, Mr. Keynes, it will not do. We are not virtuous enough to hold the Big Stick that will keep the world's bad boys in their place. Furthermore, to wield the Big Stick is simply to invite someone else to do the same thing, with the result that eventually all of us would get our heads cracked. D. R. ROBERTS

1 Mount Drive,
North Harrow.

SIR,—I have just read the letter by Bertrand Russell in your issue of July 18th with mingled admiration and horror. Admiration for its decisiveness; horror, because it expresses plainly a fear which my friendship towards England had hitherto prevented me from formulating. So, it is true then that if, by ill-chance, a conflict were to break out between the Fascist countries on the one hand and France and Russia on the other, England might take the part of the first against the second? We others, French anti-Fascists, ought, it is true, to have envisaged this clearly. History by no means contradicts such an hypothesis. We knew that if, in a period of social calm, it is imperial opposition that governs external politics—monarch against monarch, power against power, capitalist against capitalist—in a time of revolution, on the other hand, the classes governing various countries voluntarily combine against the common foe, the "non-governing" class, which is regarded as almost equally dangerous on both sides of the frontier; so that in a mixed period (which is nearly always the case, and particularly so to-day) the middle course of a nation's external policy can be defined, as is the famous parallelogram of forces, as a resultant of two stresses, changing every moment and directed one against a foreign imperialism and the other against the menace of revolution. That we knew; and for years now I have been watching the oscillation of this resultant—England's foreign policy (without, of course, forgetting that of my own country, determined by the same laws). But despite various theoretical and practical warnings, further reinforced by the Montreux Conference, I should never have dared to say that the imperialist component, following recent social progress in France, could have risked nullifying itself, as Bertrand Russell declares ("from the point of view of British Imperialism, the support of Germany and Japan is madness"), to such an extent that English foreign policy would come to be identified purely and simply with counter-revolutionism. However, there the danger lies. It imposes, let me say, the most terrible of responsibilities on all intelligent and generous Englishmen. For the triumph of Fascism or of anti-Fascism in my country, and hence throughout Europe, depends on them and almost on them alone. Heaven knows the struggle we are having in France against a Fascism which is so little dead that it is flowering already in all the classical forms—local punitive expeditions, stealthy dereliction of social laws, exploitation of the economic ignorance of the middle classes, agitation among the peasantry, and above all the danger from outside. Against the first of these perils the chances are all on our side, thanks to the understanding of a majority which knows what it wants and good-humouredly resists the wildest provocation. But how can a "good European" fail to see that the worst menace is beyond frontiers? Anti-Fascism, like Fascism, is a world-wide experience. Incomprehension on the part of those who *can* understand would destroy us as certainly as machine-gun bullets. The struggle has begun in France and now we cannot withdraw, even in the face of such risk. But all those who have any sort of influence on British opinion must face *this* responsibility: that if the flood of Fascist terror one day sweeps over France, if men whom perhaps you love personally are one day tortured and assassinated because the indifference (or worse) of English policy has given the "Brigand Powers" the certainty of getting the upper hand—then it will be too late to lament. England, I know, has inexhaustible reserves of force determined to defend "peace, freedom, democracy and the rights of wage-earners" against "war, dictatorship, suppression of all intelligent thought, and a system of permanent social and political inequality." Only these forces are scattered. Unite them, make the plain threat, *with the whole weight of English rearmament*, to throw them into the European balance—and the nightmare's over.

Mas J'Angirany, CHARLES MAURON
St. Remy de Provence.

GAS MASKS

SIR,—In the recent debate on the British Medical Association "poison gas" resolution, Dr. H. D. Woodroffe is reported to have stated as something which he "knew for a fact" that the type of gas mask approved by the Government for civilian use afforded "100 per cent. protection against any gas that can be used in war." This statement, which exceeds in importance any other recently made on the subject of anti-gas precautions, has received a deservedly wide measure of publicity, because of its obviously reassuring character. It is therefore extremely disturbing to read in the *Times* of July 18th, at the foot of the self-same column in which this statement is reported, another statement, presumably equally based on official information and apparently referring to the same masks, to the effect that they only confer protection against chlorine and none at all against mustard gas. This is such a direct contradiction of the position as stated to the B.M.A. that I submit that the public interest requires that it should be cleared up. E. M. HUGH JONES

Parrott's, Wootton by Woodstock, Oxford.

SOCIALISTS AND PACIFISM

SIR,—The Dick Sheppard peace crusade is preaching, firstly and lastly, "No More War." Two reasons, on the spur of the moment, come from Mr. Gerald Heard: "War is not able to deliver the goods"; and from R. Palme Dutt's "World Politics

1914–1936" (which even absolute pacifists read!). Palme Dutt says, and I'd like to see this on every war memorial, findable war grave and ossuary: "1914 proved nothing." The third reason can be seen in the window of the Peace Shop in Ludgate Circus.

There is no reason on earth why the Sheppard movement should not be allied to the hoped-for United Popular Front. The world cry is for peace, and to this end the C.P.G.B. and the Socialists pledge themselves to oppose all imperialist war-mongering. Their method, although differently arrived at, will be precisely ours—Mass Resistance.

Where we part company comes much later on the contemporary agenda, i.e., on the need to kill for collective security. But that sort of war, the only one in which the Left Wing would kill and die, does not appeal to Capitalism in its present nasty stage of decay. They seem to be saying, in several languages: "Ah, well, let's try 1914 again!" God help the suckers if they call it Collective Security.

W. A. RATHKEY

SIR,—I have a feeling that Mr. Michael Gordon, whose letter on Pacifism and the United Popular Front was printed in your last issue, has not read the Rev. Dick Sheppard's book *We Say "No."* In it he will find a clear statement of the reason why anyone who sincerely believes that war is not morally justified in *any* circumstances cannot support the League of Nations in its present form, or any other body whose ultimate remedy is force. The Pacifist believes that while there are military forces left in the world the danger of war will be there, too.

This conviction is the answer to Mr. Gordon's query as to whether the signatories of the Peace Pledge realise what they are doing. Certainly they realise it. Their belief in the rightness of Pacifism and of its ultimate power to banish war is more important to them than loyalty to a party with whose ideals they cannot wholly sympathise.

As to Mr. Gordon's reference to those people who have signed the pledge "with only a slight political knowledge," I think it is often just that lack of knowledge which enables them to see more clearly than those who are blinded by political prejudices. The Peace Pledge Union has no political ambition. It wishes to influence the government of the world by the force of its arguments and the weight of its numbers.

KENNETH BREDON

3 Baker Street, London, W.1.

OTTO BAUER

SIR,—The main facts relating to Otto Bauer, the Austrian Religious Socialist, arrested in Vienna in April, and imprisoned ever since without any formal charge having yet been preferred against him, have already appeared in correspondence in your columns. We are not here concerned with the details of his political programme, or with activities which, under a system of repressive government, may be charged against him. We are concerned with the position of a Christian whose convictions involve a definite stand in the political sphere. Such a stand is fundamentally religious. This the authorities who charge him refuse to recognise.

It is our belief that Christianity in our time must either enter the sphere of politics in order to bring to birth a universal community, or perish through its denial of its own principles. The persecution on the continent to-day of religious Socialists is not only an infringement of political, but also of religious, freedom.

We ask all organisations which are concerned for freedom of conscience to take this case up, and to communicate with the Committee for Austrian Freedom in the House of Commons.

R. H. TAWNEY
JOHN MACMURRAY
BASIL MATTHEWS
LEONHARD RAGAZ

HUNTING ON NATIONAL TRUST LANDS

SIR,—While anxious to further the aims of the National Trust (of which we are all members) and admiring the magnificent work it has accomplished, we feel it to be only fair that public attention should be drawn to what, in our opinion, is the one weak spot in the Trust's management. This is its continued sanction and even encouragement of "field sports" on certain of its estates. Since that fine naturalist, the late T. A. Coward, in 1930, attacked hunting on National Trust lands, there have been many protests from naturalists and humanitarians on this score.

As regards sport, the position of the Trust is strangely anomalous, for one of the main purposes for which it was established is, as defined by Section 4 of the National Trust Act (1907) as regards lands "for the benefit of the nation . . . for the preservation (so far as practicable) of their natural features and animal and plant life." Moreover, the Trust's own By-law No. 8 (1927) explicitly states that "no unauthorised person . . . shall shoot or chase or drive game or other animals . . . on Trust lands."

It may be suggested that the word "unauthorised" permits National Trust Committees to give authority to local hunts; but such an idea, though it may be made to square with the Act, is surely entirely foreign to its spirit, and was doubtless far from the intention of those who framed it. In any case, killing for sport appears to contravene the great principles for forbidding the molestation of animals in a sanctuary, such as the National Trust should provide for wild life which enjoys no other legal protection.

In 1930 the Trust prosecuted and obtained sentence against a labouring man for shooting eight wood-pigeons on one of the largest of its estates; yet the Local Committee of Management of the same property, both before and after this, officially allowed fox-hunting to be carried on.

In view of the growing respect for wild life, and the general desire to preserve our native fauna as part of the national heritage, we would suggest that the time has come for the National Trust to prohibit all killing for sport on lands *under its entire control.*

(Signed) LASCELLES ABERCROMBIE, A. RUTH FRY, DOROTHEA GIBB, H. W. NEVINSON, NOEL-BUXTON, CHARLES OLDHAM, G. BERNARD SHAW, F. E. WEISS

ANTI-SEMITISM

SIR,—Your issue of the 18th contains a paragraph referring to the Home Secretary's having "condemned Blackshirt behaviour at public meetings," and states: "Last week the Blackshirt newspaper *Fascist* raked up once again the old ritual-murder lie."

I feel sure that you will grant me the courtesy of your columns to point out that this so-called "Blackshirt" newspaper is published by a society which has nothing whatever to do with Sir Oswald Mosley, and which holds few, if any, public meetings.

British Union of Fascists,
Sanctuary Buildings, S.W.1.

J. A. MACNAB,
For the British Union of Fascists and National Socialists.

["Blackshirt," then, only applies to the B.U.F. The *Fascist* is the organ of another group of Fascists who are even more virulently anti-Semitic than Sir Oswald Mosley's group.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

MR. DUFY'S PAINTINGS

SIR,—May we draw your attention to page 87 of your paper, in which your art critic states that the paintings by Raoul Dufy are at the Leicester Gallery? The Exhibition of this artist's work is being held here, and opened on July 8th, and will continue until August 1st. We should feel very much obliged if, in your next issue, your columns will tell the public of this mistake.

The Lefevre Galleries,
1A King Street,
St. James's,
London, S.W.1.

ALEX REID & LEFEVRE, LTD.,
D. M. MACDONALD,
Director.

ENGLISH OPERA

SIR,—Seeing that Covent Garden has not produced a new English opera for many years, next year of the Coronation would be a particularly appropriate occasion to include one, if possible, in the season's repertoire, and it would be a very welcome and generous gesture of the management if they expressed their willingness to give consideration to any work submitted to them, in the hope that in the country there is perhaps some opera as worthy of presentation to the public as some of the novelties introduced in the past seasons.

ENGLISH OPERA

PROFESSOR BOWLEY'S RETIREMENT

SIR,—It is proposed to mark the retirement of Professor A. L. Bowley from the Chair of Statistics in the University of London by a recognition in some degree commensurate with his distinguished service.

Professor Bowley has not only given to the London School of Economics since its beginnings in 1895 years of brilliant and devoted teaching; he has at the same time made contributions to

social welfare that have been recognised throughout the world, by universities, by learned societies and by governments. His published writings have given him an eminence all his own and his kindliness and geniality have endeared him to generations of students and to all who have had the good fortune to work with him. It is felt that these and many others will welcome an opportunity to share in an expression of admiration for the work he has done.

It is proposed that this tribute of esteem shall include the following:

(1) A portrait of Professor Bowley to be hung in the London School of Economics.

(2) A scholarship or prize tenable in the University of London (at the London School of Economics) to assist a student pursuing undergraduate or postgraduate study in economic or social statistics.

We invite your co-operation in the effort to make a worthy tribute possible and shall be grateful for any suggestions or for offers of help in making the purpose of this appeal more widely known.

It is proposed to furnish Professor Bowley with a complete list of all subscribers to the Fund. For this reason we are naturally anxious that it should be as large as possible.

Sir William Beveridge has agreed to act as Treasurer of the Fund and all subscriptions should be addressed to him at the London School of Economics, Houghton Street, Aldwych, W.C.2, England.

(Signed) KENNET
J. M. KEYNES
D. H. MACGREGOR
W. R. SCOTT
JOSIAH STAMP

The London School of Economics and Political Science (University of London), Houghton Street, London, W.C.2.

THE PLUMAGE ACT

SIR,—The Plumage Act Group, with the support of the R.S.P.C.A., secured in 1921 the passage of the Importation of Plumage (Prohibition) Act, 1921, which forbids the importation of plumage into Great Britain for millinery. It has now promoted the necessary amending Bill to prohibit the sale of feathers prohibited from importation under the Act.

Mr. G. Mathers, M.P., is in charge of this Bill, which is backed by members of all parties. Will those who care about the preservation of some of the most radiant birds in the world join the Plumage Act Group, and send a donation to the Hon. Treasurer, Mrs. Harold Monro, 38 Great Russell Street, W.C.1? All work is voluntary, but some funds are essential for printing, postage, etc.

An audited balance sheet will be sent in due course to all subscribers.

(Signed) CHARLES E. HOBHOUSE, President.
IVOR BROWN
GRAFTON ELLIOT-SMITH
HOLBROOK JACKSON
J. C. SQUIRE
Vice-Presidents Advisory Committee
H. J. MASSINGHAM, Founder

THE CHURCH AND THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

SIR,—In the course of his review of *The Church and the Twentieth Century* in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION of July 18th, Mr. Kirkham draws attention to an alleged discrepancy between Dr. Dearmer's paper on the Creeds and the last paper in the book. He quotes, as if it represented the writer's own position, the sentence, "Though the Jesus of history may vanish into mist, at any rate the Nicene Creed remains," and adds the comment, "Dr. Dearmer presumably did not live to read this surprising sentence from a colleague's pen." It is difficult to see how the most careless reader could imagine that the words quoted represent the position of Dr. Dearmer's colleague. On the contrary, they occur in a passage descriptive of an attitude from which he dissents with some vigour. He himself says explicitly, "To answer the modern seeker after truth by pointing him to the Nicene Creed is a confession of weakness amounting to impotence, and it is no less futile than weak."

Mr. Kirkham does exactly the same kind of thing again when he ascribes to the writer of the last paper the views of Nicolas Berdyaev on the Church and contrasts them with Sir Arnold Wilson's conception of the Church as *perfecta societas*. There is the less excuse for this in that the writer, after quoting from Berdyaev's *Freedom and the Spirit*, says, "The Church of England is not an Eastern Church, and is more concerned than is Berdyaev with the horizontal plane. . . ."

I should not trouble you with the matter if it were not that Mr. Kirkham's flair for the discovery of mares' nests is likely to mislead the reader who has not seen the book which he has under review.

G. L. H. HARVEY

The Rectory, Sutton Coldfield.

[Our reviewer writes: "I apologise to Dr. Harvey for a slip over the statement about the Nicene Creed. In going through the book I made notes freely and omitted to check this one. But Dr. Harvey's reference to 'the most careless reader' will hardly do. The sentence occurs in a passage dealing with Platonic theology, so highly condensed that it must, I think, mislead many. I cannot admit that over the second point I misrepresented Dr. Harvey, since he quotes Berdyaev as saying of the Church, 'It is the order of love and freedom.' He would not disclaim so fine an ideal as that."—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

OPEN-AIR MUSEUMS

SIR,—I was surprised to read in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION that there are no Open-air Museums or Folk Parks in England. What about the Abbey Folk Park, at New Barnet? It is well worth a visit and deserves to be better known. I will not attempt to describe it; let your readers go and see for themselves.

S. E. KIRBY

115 Crouch Hill, N.8.

RECEIVED IN ERROR

SIR,—Press comment on the incident which occurred more than a week ago of a barber dressing up as a Fascist and being entertained at a Territorial officers' mess has mainly been confined to appreciation of the episode as an amusingly impudent hoax.

It seems, however, worth suggesting that the Fascist-barber, like his forerunner, the Captain of Koepenick, has, if inadvertently, switched on a light. For surely the success of the hoaxer in getting away with his impersonation for a time is less significant than the willingness shown by the hoaxees to accept him as a brother in his role of Fascist.

The evidence thus furnished that a black shirt gives the entree to the officers' mess is in instructive contrast to the oft-demonstrated fact that any would-be intruder suspected of sporting the faintest tinge of red in his underwear would soon find himself, not in the mess-room, but on his ear outside the barrack gates, if not in a police court, charged with behaviour calculated to cause a breach of the peace.

L. M. LORAINE

Lanes End, Rownhams, Nr. Southampton.

THE BREAD RAMP

SIR,—In reference to the paragraph in your last issue, any Northerner brought up in the old school sees the obvious answer—Make more bread in the home. I admit that even in our part of the country the practice is dying out, and the young females prefer to do an almost brainless job in a factory than such housework. The result is that initiative and creativeness is passing every year more and more from the factory "hand" to the factory management. Housework—home-building, if you like—offers the best, and to many the only, opportunity for making something "all their own" and expressing themselves.

My wife—a London girl—learnt to bake from my mother, a Yorkshire woman, in two or three lessons. Neither she nor any of us will eat shop bread unless no other is available. In our bread more milk is used, it is "foody" enough to make a whole meal, and it costs about half the price of shop bread.

Stop the millers dictating to the bakers by all means, but do not forget that more family self-sufficiency would be a good thing, even if national self-sufficiency has proved bad. More baking in the home would mean: (1) cheaper bread, (2) better bread, (3) fewer idle women, (4) more milk used, (5) more house-pride. I might add that the saving in cakes over shop prices is even greater, but we need not drag in Marie Antoinette.

OLD FASHIONED

Miscellany

THE GREAT BIG GIANT AND THE NAUGHTY LITTLE BOY

A Fairy Story to be read aloud to the children of the Labouring poor.

ONCE upon a time there was a great big giant, who lived with his great big wife in a great big house in Smith Square. And the great big giant and his great big wife were very much annoyed by a very small boy, who kept on shouting "Yah-boo!" and other rude things whenever either of them looked out of a window, and even went so far as to throw in handfuls of dirt out of the street whenever they ventured to open the door.

Now the great big giant and his great big wife were both very, very fat—much too fat to run, or even to walk except in a very slow and very, very dignified way. So they knew it was no use trying to run after the naughty little boy and box his ears, though they were both quite sure that was what needed to be done. The only thing *they* could do was to shout very loud through the closed windows—for they didn't dare open them for fear of his jumping in and making a mess of their nice, clean, tidy house—that he was a very, very, bad, horrid, naughty little boy, and he was to go away at once, and never come back any more.

So when one day the naughty little boy, instead of shouting rude remarks at them, came up and knocked at the front door, looking ever so neat and clean, as if he had washed his face on purpose, and said, ever so nicely, wouldn't they please ask him in to live with them, because he thought it would cheer them up no end to have someone a bit younger about the place, the great big giant and his great big wife were both very angry indeed; and they shouted together in a great big voice (only somehow it sounded more like a great big squeak) that they were highly respectable giants, they were, and they wouldn't have anything to do with nasty, rude little boys who had kept on calling them names. They went on to say that they knew all about the naughty little boy's big Red uncle, the wicked ogre, and they were sure the naughty little boy only wanted to get into their nice, clean house so as to open the door to his big Red uncle, who would eat them both up at one big gobble, because he was always hungry. And they weren't going to be eaten up, not if it was ever so. And they slammed the door in the naughty little boy's face, and spent all the rest of the day telling each other what a horrid, deceitful little boy he was. And they put up a lot of extra bolts and bars on the door, and safety catches on all the windows, to keep him out; and they fitted up burglar-alarms all over the house. And then the great big giant and his great big wife felt safer, and so they went to sleep.

Now opposite the great big house where the great big giant and his great big wife lived, there was another greater bigger house, where there lived another very rich, active giant who was ever so much taller than the great big giant and his great big wife, but not nearly so fat. And every day the other giant used to split his sides with laughing while he watched his neighbours opposite having all that trouble with the naughty little boy. The other giant was very, very pleased about it, for two reasons—first, because the naughty little boy was having so much fun throwing mud at the great big giant's house that he couldn't spare much time to annoy him, or throw mud at his house which was ever so much fuller of very costly and beautiful things; and secondly, because he knew the great big giant and his great big wife were kept so busy scolding the naughty little boy that they'd nearly forgotten all the beautiful and costly things in the other giant's house really belonged to them—and, even if they remembered, they wouldn't dare cross the street and demand them back as long as the naughty little boy was anywhere about, and might throw things at them if they ventured to open the door. So the tall, rich, active, giant felt quite safe, as long as the big fat giants and the naughty little boy didn't make friends.

But the great big giant and his great big wife had a great many children, who didn't live at home because they were all kept busy working for the rich active giant every day. But once every year, in the autumn, all the children used to come to see how Father and Mother were getting on. So when the children came to pay their yearly visit, they found the naughty little boy standing outside the door, clamouring to be let in. And the naughty little boy told them he was their long-lost brother, only Father and Mother wouldn't own him, because they were old-fashioned people, and he'd been saying things about them that children weren't supposed to say about their parents in *their* young days.

So the children fell to arguing with one another about whether the naughty little boy was really their long-lost brother or not. But before they had quite made up their minds about that, the great big giant and his great big wife called out to them to come inside at once, and not stand talking to that naughty little boy, or he'd be certain to give them some of that wicked fairy gold his wicked Red uncle always kept specially for leading little children astray. And the children went crowding into the house, because they still thought it was their duty to listen to what Father and Mother said. And the naughty little boy was left outside; only some of the children stayed with him, because they wanted to hear what *he* had to say.

And while the great big giant and his great big wife were telling the children inside the house what a horrid little boy the naughty little boy really was, and while the naughty little boy was telling the rest of the children outside the house how nice his big Red uncle really was, none of them noticed the tall, rich, active giant slink out of his house, and steal across the street, and throw a great big bomb into the house where the great big giant and his great big wife and most of the children were. So while the great big giant and his great big wife were telling the children to leave it all to them, because they would see to it that the rich, active giant treated them ever so much better as soon as the naughty little boy had gone away, and they were able to get across the street and tell him what was what, something happened. And the next thing was there was a great big explosion, and they were all blown right up into the sky. And they haven't come down again yet; and I'm not sure if they ever will. G. D. H. C.

A SPANISH INCIDENT

THERE has been some question as to what the word Fascism means in Spain. A few weeks ago I came back from Gibraltar to Malaga in a taxi. At Gibraltar I had seen pesetas sold openly at the exchange bureaux at 41 to the pound, and I was told that the "black bourse" was operating on a similar scale inside the frontier. I asked my taxi man if he knew who sold pesetas for foreign currency and he said that a lot of people did. He went into a tobacco shop and emerged with two gentlemen who offered a rate of 38. I rejected this offer, and the taxi man made a few more inquiries and we were directed to the residence of a person referred to as "Ramio." We drove up to an enormous house standing in its own grounds. The gates were heavily padlocked and on the way a tough-looking individual who was talking to a Civil Guard and from whom we asked the way got into the taxi. He said that he would show us the way. I asked him if he was a Civil Guard, and he produced a card showing that he was a plain-clothes policeman. It was he who rang the bell and had us admitted after the chains had been taken off the gate. We entered the house, which was luxurious and stuffy. The owner came into the hall, and turned out to be a bullet-headed man about forty, with a plaster across his jaw. He asked me what I wanted and I said that I wanted to know, as a matter of interest, what rate he paid for pounds sterling as I understood that he dealt in money. He asked us into a large room, and he ordered three different kinds of drink and the policeman embraced him and immediately set about one of the bottles. I asked in French

if it was discreet to discuss such business in front of a policeman and "Ramio" said that it was all right. The policeman caught the gist and said that the entire police force were the bullet-headed man's little sons and brothers. These are literally the words he used. I asked "Ramio" how much he was paying for pounds and how many pounds he would buy. He said he would buy any amount and brandished a large wad of Bank of England ten pound notes. I asked if he would buy a thousand pounds and he said that he would. He refused to pay more than 41 pesetas for a pound, but he said he might reconsider the rate if I brought him two thousand pounds to the Mercantile Club and asked for "Ramio." I asked him if that was his name and he refused to say. After I had explained that I had only three pounds which I had omitted to change at Gibraltar, he said that he would gladly change them for me and he gave me 38 pesetas for each pound. This transaction reduced my importance in his eyes, and he now concentrated on the policeman.

The policeman had been drinking and there were tears in his eyes. He said that he had certain information that there was to be another attempt on "Ramio's" life at a time and place which he explained in detail. "Ramio" immediately produced a revolver from his hip pocket and turning to me said that there had been six attempts on his life already and that the latest was responsible for the plaster on his face. "Shoot him in the head!" exclaimed the policeman, but "Ramio" became very gentle and said that he simply could not kill a man. He said that he would shoot his assailant in the paw. The policeman thereupon begged him to shoot him in the head: he also implored him to leave the country. "Ramio" said that it would mean ruin. He turned to me and said that he was an Estonian by birth but that he had been in Malaga for nineteen years, and that he had made a pile during the nineteen-twenties. Those were the good days to make a pile, he said, under Primo de Rivera. I asked if he thought those good days would return. The policeman thereupon banged his fist on the table and said that there would be Fascism in Spain within three weeks. We stayed a long time, because the policeman kept on refilling all the glasses on the pretext of begging "Ramio" once more to "shoot them in the head." I stayed nominally because the policeman having invited himself to ride up in my taxi for this touching interview, intended to ride down in it again. It was ticking up outside, and "Ramio" jovially pointed out that I was rapidly losing on the taximeter the small profit of four pesetas fifty (half-a-crown) which I had made by my transaction with him. Actually I could not have torn myself away. It was one of the most entrancing conversations which I have ever been privileged to witness. I should add that I was behaving in a most ungentlemanly way because the understanding was that I could hardly understand Spanish: actually I understood everything they said, but "Ramio" and I conversed in French and English. The interview became cumulatively emotional, and finally the policeman burst into tears altogether, jumped to his feet and embraced "Ramio" and repeated that he was his own brother. "Ramio" went into the kitchen and came back and gave the policeman a bottle of wine which he carried away under his arm. But we went back into the room for one more drink and one more embrace. In the taxi the policeman repeated that "Ramio" was like a brother to the entire police force. He particularly insisted upon this. The police force to which he was referring and to which he belonged was, of course, under oath of loyalty to the Republic whose imminent end he had just prophesied with so much fervour.

I made inquiries and I found that "Ramio" was an exporter and importer whose relations with his workers at the docks had been scandalous. He had been found to have swindled on a large scale, and it is true that there had been attempts on his life. The whole thing had been like a gangster film, and the adventure may be said to have no particular relevance. Only, somehow, I felt that I had imbibed a whiff of a strange atmosphere. I thought, indeed, that I had to a certain extent discovered in the relations between these two men what Fascism means in Spain—or would mean. The most nauseous part of the whole business was the emotionalism, the kissing and the brotherhood which needed to be cemented with bottles of wine to take away. "Ramio," I forgot to say, introduced the policeman to his wife and told him that any time he came again, there would always be a bottle of wine for him. I wonder how many "bottles of wine" led up to the rabid battle which is taking place in Malaga while I write?

ERIC SIEPMANN

PRISON CALVARY

WITHIN this torrid acre of bleached walls,
Beneath mounds shaven like a criminal's head,
The condemned of man are lying,
And above the row of mounds and white-washed stones
On an iron calvary hangs a bronzen Christ,
Forever dying, yet not dead, not dead.

Would that He were! How heavily He hangs—
The crooked fingers droop about the nails
Curved inward like a striking serpent's fangs;
Split are the feet the bended spike impales;
The shuddering knees sag forward, and both bleed;
The loin-cloth is stained with awful stains;
The riven side cleft open like a reed,
And the whole body, green from many rains,
Is rivuleted with wandering skeins of blood,
And even His hair lies dripping on His breast;
His face is wholly shadowed by a hood,
A thicket, a very midnight of vile thorn,
A crown as heavy as an eagle's nest.

Before this cross no mother dares to plead,
No lover weeps, no faithful friend stands lorn
And even the hardiest cassock turns aside.

It stands alone,
Visited only by the blistering sun.

Surely not one death only has He died!

And yet He is not dead.
For see the writhing lips, that cannot bleed
However He tear them in His agony,
The bursting eyeballs rolling in His head.
"*I thirst!*" "*I thirst!*" Yes, that must be His cry.
And yet that terrible working in the throat!—
Surely He cries the longer, louder cry.
Whichever it is, nor man nor God pays heed:
No sponge is ever lifted to that mouth,
No mercy yet has reached Him from on high,
Bidding Death's Conqueror give up the ghost,
Vanishing shadoward on a single sigh.
It is not finished. And He cannot die.

Ah, since He cannot, would not He forgive—
He, who, when nailed upon this cruel cross,
Straight forgave those who knew not what they did—
Such as He knows will know the thing they do?
Up, murderers! and in your mercy slay
And in the name of Christ's own mercy too!
What, none to slay Him? None to take Him down?
Give Him some shelter in the shadowy grave?
Must He suffer twice? Yes, even so it is
Since just so long as any sword can slay
Such crown and such a cross must yet be his
And on it, undying, must he hang, gasp, bleed,
Who hopes to save what none but He can save.

Look down. Upon a mound of shaven grass—
A coronal of leaves without a thorn,
And against the headstone, where a cry is graven,
A forlorn cry of forgiveness and of loss,
Stock, musk-rose, pink, and one nun-like arum-lily
Mingle the perfumes of an innocent cross!

And see—does nature, too, then, learn compassion?—
Sprung at the calvary's very root,
Vine of the passion flower upstealing
Day by day, hour by hour,
Leaf by leaf, shoot by shoot.
Twining and ever intertwining
In and out of the skeleton iron,
In and out up the cross's foot
The vine clambers, blindly feeling
Toward feet and wounding spike.
Till at last the vine draws near,
Clasps both feet and, hasped to spike,
The flower itself, a magnificent flower,
Hovers spilling, as if in healing,
The miraculous sunstar of her tear.

Fall tear! Fade flower!—by the seventh summer
Not only the spike, but the ladder, the spear,
The riven side, the blood-bedewed bosom
Will be wholly shrouded in leaves and blossom,
The awful diadem slumber above,
Among the clouds a cloud of flowers,
And the very eyes of anguish be hidden
Behind the veils of beauty and love. ROBERT NICHOLS

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"Ourselves Alone," at the London Pavilion

Brian Desmond-Hurst, who directed this film, worked for some time in Hollywood with John Ford, director of *The Informer*. *Ourselves Alone* is his picture of Ireland in the disturbed times before 1922. It is a thoroughly English film. Clearly whoever decides these things thought that "young Irish hearts in rebellion fighting for freedom and ideals," as the publicity puts it, was not enough. Box Office demanded more. So we have a nice triangle between best friends John Lodge and John Loder, as officers in the R.I.C., and the girl, Maureen (Antoinette Cellier); lots of emotion and irony when the leading rebel is discovered to be the girl's brother and is shot by one of the Johns; heroic self-sacrifice by the John who loses, in taking the blame for the killing, really carried out by the winning John; and a spot of cockney comedy, of the type Herbert Mundin excels in, not so well done by Jerry Verno. All of this tacked on to a really exciting picture of Irish rebellion. Unfortunately, it is never properly sewn into the fabric. The historical material is thrilling and full of possibilities for good cinema. *The Informer* wedded the material to individuals and created a natural whole; *Ourselves Alone* never achieves this. Messrs. Lodge and Loder and Miss Cellier are adequate for what is expected of them. Niall McGinnis is the most unconvincing leader of Sinn Feiners imaginable. But Clifford Evans as another revolutionary, together with the background, just make the picture a tolerable retreat from our English summer.

"Spring Tide," at the Duchess

If the love interest was a little bit more in the foreground of the picture, this variation on the world of the Wind and the Rain might well last as long as that hardy plant. The exaltation of the aspidistra is more acute, the decoration of the onlooking parts more important, but there is the same freshness and simplicity and the same realisation of the growing pains of youth. The situations are sometimes a little crude, the sentiment a little overstressed, but these are faults of inexperience and the new partnership of Billam and Goldsmith deserves our applause for something which is unspoilt. For those who like acting, Mr. Arthur Sinclair's richly humorous kit-cat and Miss Louise Hampton's full-length portrait are in the front rank, with Mr. Basil Radford's likeable scoundrel a good pendant. The younger people show the benefits of a training in repertory and Miss Nancy Hornsby, Mr. Robert Eddison and Mr. Geoffrey Edwards may be especially singled out for their performance of parts, which, written on rather a subdued note, might well have fallen below the general key of the performance; Mr. Edwards' sketch of a diffident and disgruntled young painter was particularly well conceived and presented. A play for every age and every mind except those, who, while praising their Balzac or their Dickens, cannot raise an interest in people who live in Holloway or Barons' Court.

"Petrified Forest," at the Tivoli

Hollywood is usually careful not to mix intelligence and celluloid. On the few occasions it forgets the rule the result is usually fast-moving, slick and American. Consequently it is a surprise and a pleasure to find, in *Petrified Forest*, intelligence in the characters and acting and an intelligent story which moves at European speed. This is partly due to the main character being played by one of the best actors England has let slip to Hollywood—Leslie Howard. His performance as a disillusioned idealist, cynical in his philosophy without bitterness, is sensitive and moving. A writer hitch-hiking through Arizona, he arrives at a lonely desert petrol station. The owner's daughter (Bette Davis) finds comfort from her repressions in the poetry of François Villon and in dreams of France, her mother's country. Living in the desert with her father, a football-playing assistant with amorous intentions, and the cacti, she naturally sees him as a god. When a rich couple and Duke Mantee (Humphrey Bogart), wanted for half-a-dozen killings, also find themselves at the station the stage is set for Robert Sherwood to use his pen with his customary brilliance. Excitement steadily rises as souls are revealed in the imminence of death, while the gangster waits for his woman. The climax is tragic: the State police arrive, things begin to move fast and the writer, by his own wish, is shot by the gangster. You may question the psychology but it won't spoil your enjoyment. Humphrey Bogart's performance as Duke Mantee is one of the most finely calculated pieces of screen acting for a long time. The only criticism of *Petrified Forest* is that it is not a film. Adapted from the stage it never shakes off its stage manner. But it is one of the few cases where this is of no account; the dialogue and acting pull the picture through and it stands as a most genuine, sensitive and moving piece of work.

"The Secret Marriage," at the Croydon Repertory

Cimarosa's comic opera, *The Secret Marriage*, is the only one of his fifty odd operatic works which is still given regular performances in Italy, and the continuous laughter with which an enthusiastic audience greeted the Chanticleer Company's lively revival of the English version was a remarkable tribute to the enduring quality of its entertainment. The heavily conventional plot, taken from Garrick's play, *The Clandestine Marriage*, concerns a dowry-seeking count who contracts to marry a merchant's daughter but, finding her too much of a dragon, attempts to abandon her in favour of her younger sister, who, however, is already secretly married to her father's secretary. The usual complications follow through two acts, building up to a highly diverting climax of argumentative allegretto in night-shirts and night-caps, which leaves the count so exhausted that he hastily changes his mind and accepts the dragon. Johnstone-Douglas' production made the most of the amusing situations, and Peter Burra's and Reginald Gatty's translation, a witty blend of the conventional with the colloquial, was given its full value by a cast whose excellent miming and exceptional clarity ensured that not a point was lost. Amherst Webber and Wainwright Morgan were tireless at two pianos, but the absence of strings accentuated the monotonous pre-Mozartian qualities of the score. The pace at which the work has to be taken proved rather trying, and the short patches of spoken dialogue came as a welcome respite. It would be a great improvement if the long first act could be given in two scenes. Adelaide Stanley made a charming heroine, and Marjory Pegram was really terrifying as her spurned but determined sister, looking like a cross between Madame Defarge and Charley's aunt. The chief honours of the evening, however, went to Gillian Hume, who showed a genius for comedy. She is the fortunate possessor of a face which can perform the most grotesque contortions without impeding her voice. Fergus Dunlop was the most successful of the men.

THE COMING WEEK

SATURDAY, July 25th—
Rhythmic Beauty, Hyde Park, 3 and 7.
Lawn Tennis. Davis Cup. Challenge Round, Wimbledon.
SUNDAY, July 26th—
S. K. Ratcliffe on "The Folly of the Absolute," Conway Hall, 11.
MONDAY, July 27th—
Dramatic Festival, Malvern.
"Top Hat," Everyman Cinema, Hampstead.
"Alcestis" and "Jonah at Nineveh," Barn Theatre, Shere.
TUESDAY, July 28th—
Dr. Robert Russell Wicks on "American Students and Peace," Friends House, Euston Road, 1.20.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

MR. MENCKEN is a formidable person whom it is difficult to approach. If I sweep off my hat and make a bow, he will curl his lip and say something scathing about the cringing, kow-towing forms of address which have persisted in aristocratic England, owing to our class-feeling and monarchic institutions. If I blurt out "Pleased to meet you," he will contemptuously grunt that I have forgotten how to speak my own language. If I merely say: "How d'you do?" he will make it plain that the greeting strikes him as having "a pansy-like cast" and that he thinks me a cissy for employing it. For many years Mr. Mencken has been engaged in chastising his own countrymen. As the editor of *Americana* he has held up the "Bible Belt," the "Higher Learning in Provincial Universities" and the valiant ignorance of his fellow citizens everywhere to the ridicule, contempt and pity of the civilised world. He has performed the function of Thersites among the Greek heroes, seeing Ajax as "a landfish, languageless, a monster," and declaring that he would rather be a tick in a sheep than Achilles. For years he has been pricking the conceit and exposing the ignorance and lack of culture of Americans. The United States is a large country and contains its fair share of iniquity; inspired perhaps by memories of Voltaire and the Calas, Mencken has raised his voice incessantly in defence of every victim of American ignorance, cruelty and persecution. For that alone I am ready to love and honour him. Yet Mencken is not a Thersites, since he is courageous, and not a Voltaire since he is intensely patriotic. Indeed he is far more like an Englishman for whom he feels an historic hatred, "the finicky and always anti-American Samuel Johnson." He has the same conservative devotion to the historic constitution of his country, the same hatred of shams, the same individualistic love of liberty, the same truculence and power of silencing his adversaries. He is the *Ursa Major*, the grizzly bear of the American Republic of Letters. And like Johnson, without being a philologist, he is a great lexicographer, and his great work, like Johnson's Dictionary, is none the less great because it is full of prejudice and of elementary mistakes.

* * *

The American Language (Kegan Paul, 21*s*.), now appears in its fourth edition, "enlarged, corrected and rewritten." It runs to some eight hundred pages and "in the main it is a new work." A longer study of the subject, as well as recent developments, has led Mr. Mencken to abandon the thesis of the earlier editions. His view was that American and English were rapidly diverging and on p. 85 he still speaks of "the growing differences between English and American." In the preface, however, he recognises that "the pull of American has become so powerful that it has begun to drag English with it . . . what the Englishman speaks promises to become, on some not too remote to-morrow, a kind of dialect of American, just as the language spoken by the American was once a dialect of English." There is no reason to quarrel with Mr. Mencken here, though it seems likely that just as he exaggerated the tendency to divergence, he now exaggerates the influence of American on English. Immense numbers of new words or phrases are continually arising in America and sweep through the vocabulary of both countries, since we all love catchwords and novelties in slang. But how far do they affect the language permanently? It seems to me they die out very fast, unless they supply a longfelt want which is in the spirit of the language. There are very many influences at work and Mr. Mencken does not always seem to allow for them, or even to be aware of them. Thus English is not, as he is inclined to assume, a petrified language "showing no living change since the reign of Samuel Johnson." Like American it is rapidly growing and I believe the direction of growth is the same on both sides of the Atlantic. Some instances of what Mencken points out triumphantly as Americanisms may not have been imported, but have appeared simultaneously in each country. Others are due to a growing indifference to correct grammar. Mr. Mencken tells us that in America "the plain people, when they seize pen in hand, often turn *have* into *of*, instancing 'she would of drove.'" This is merely a mistake in *spelling* of which he might find instances in D. H. Lawrence and others.

* * *

The restrictions on immigration, particularly from Eastern and Southern Europe, should mean that American is no longer being swamped but that the foreign communities are learning to speak it and abandoning their hybrid jargons. Instances of the latter are what the English reader will find most astonishing in Mr. Mencken's book. In most of them, as in Pennsylvania Dutch "every English noun is a potential loan word" and Mr. Mencken quotes:

> Wenn der Frontlawn leicht ergrünt
> Wenn der Lilacbushes shprouteh
> Peddlers in der Alley shouteh
> Da wird bei uns hausgecleant.

Other sections deal with similar mongrel jargons spoken by a medley of different races, all of which would be unintelligible outside the United States. There are hundreds of these bastard dialects. Yet Mr. Mencken has the sublime impertinence to write: "In place of the discordant local dialects of all the other major countries, including England, we have a general Volkssprache for the whole nation. . . . No other country can show such linguistic solidarity . . . it may be doubted whether a Lancashire miner and a Lincolnshire farmer could understand each other." How well do the old New Englanders, who are being ousted from parts of Massachusetts by invading Poles, understand such words as *oszezechy* and *merdysy* which, Mr. Mencken tells us, are the Polish corruptions of the English words *oyster* and *tomato?* It is odd that while recording such horrors, he should see in the English of Old England only a hated enemy and not a useful, though perhaps a feeble, ally. All his hatred is for Oxford English; he is absolutely tolerant of Gumbo French. He is able to neglect it safely. For what is actually to-day the King's English is luckily the language which will prevail. The whole trend of modern civilisation with its rapid transport, talkies and radio, is centripetal. Instead of dialects arising, they are crushed out. Thus both the average Englishman and the average inhabitant of the United States, is talking more "correct English" than he did thirty years ago. And though English girls may imitate Mae West, American boys probably show a greater tolerance and understanding of Laughton's accent than Mencken's generation would have done, or than Mencken is prepared to admit. Personally I prefer a Kentucky accent and vocabulary to an Oxford one and New England to Cockney and consider all four to be as the tongues of angels compared with Australian.

* * *

It would not be playing the game to review Mencken without teasing him in a mild way.

> *Office-holder* is more honest, more picturesque, more thoroughly Anglo-saxon than *public servant*.

For a Jack-in-office, certainly; let us hope not for a cabinet minister, or a postman, or a policeman on his beat. Mencken gives a list of common words which differ in English and American from which we learn that *swim-suit* is the English for *bathing-suit*, that *twine* is "*the lightest sort of string*," that *boozer* indicates a drinking place as well as a drinker. Many of his American equivalents are current in English but with a different shade of meaning. Thus *kindergarten* and *infant school*, *drawers* (short and airy, usually female), *pants* (long and woolly and always male). *Garters*, more ancient and inclusive than *sock-suspenders*, *honi soit qui mal y pense*. A *pie* is covered while a *tart* is open, as Mr. Huxley has recently informed us. Mr. Mencken is as unreliable about the pronunciation of Standard English as the rest of us. Thus he tells us the English use a short e in *penalise* and *lever* and a short i in *senile*. In such particulars we have always been Americanised. So let the good work go on. DAVID GARNETT

THE GLAMOROUS CELT

The Wild Irish Girl. The Life of Sydney Owenson, Lady Morgan. By LIONEL STEVENSON. *Chapman and Hall.* 15s.

Aspects of Wilde. By VINCENT O'SULLIVAN. *Constable.* 10s.

It would be interesting one day to write a study of "charm," of its insidious effect upon the characters of those who have discovered that they possess an aptitude for beguiling, stimulating, or generally "getting round" their fellow human beings, and of the ingratitude with which professional charm-mongers are usually rewarded. Nations fare as badly as individuals; and there is no doubt that the Celtic races would have been better treated by their Anglo-Saxon neighbours, had we not been goaded into resentment by a certain dewiness of eye and richness of phrase. Both Lady Morgan and Oscar Wilde—otherwise as incongruous a literary pair as journalistic exigency ever bedded down between the paragraphs of the same article—possessed and exploited the power of charming, and, in doing so, aroused the enmity of men and women less happily equipped than they were themselves. Both were charm-addicts, to whom the exercise of their talent soon became as necessary as the enjoyment of a favourite drug; both made literature a vehicle for their personal magnetism.

Lady Morgan's charm was the more obvious; and it is a tribute to the interest of Mr. Lionel Stevenson's voluminous and carefully documented biography that, although we often pause in our reading to exclaim: "Good heavens, what a dreadful little woman! What a climber! What an indefatigable, intolerable scribbling bore!" we do not altogether lose sight of her real gifts. In retrospect, we distinguish many excellent qualities. Tiresome she may have been; but that more than Celtic bumptiousness which sent her bobbing, smiling, elbowing and ogling her way through life—like one of those tiny celluloid figures which you can push over but which a concealed weight restores to their original position as soon as you have removed your hand—was accompanied by remarkable courage and industry. Few women have written so long or so hard; and when, in mid-career, the Tory journals of the day overwhelmed her *Italy* with fierce invective, and then returned to the charge with a series of attacks that, on one occasion at least, covered twelve whole pages of a magazine, she ruffled her feathers and repaid their insults blow for blow. Personal abuse of the most virulent kind was applied freely. She was "a blustering virago," "a wholesale blunderer and reviler"; she had been bred in a barn. That she should have dared to retort whipped the Tory reviewer into an outburst of almost apoplectic indignation. It was but natural, he supposed, that "a woman of violent and irrepressible passions," taken to task for her "broadly blazoned offences against good taste, correct feeling, and sound morals," should "rage and vociferate a little, and that, in the orgasm of her rabid but impotent fury, she should even rake into the stercoraceous and putrescent puddles of Billingsgate for filthy missiles to hurl at the head of her antagonist." And he concluded by suggesting that she must have composed her counterblast after she had "become maudlin from an extra tumbler of negus in the forenoon."

Such was the opposition she had to contend against; but, to make up for these distressing accidents in a writer's life, Lady Morgan acquired wealth, popularity, admiring friends and the companionship of a somewhat prosaic but devoted and, apparently, not too tedious husband. From the early days, when she had leapt into fame as the young authoress of *The Wild Irish Girl*, she never looked back. She must bring her Irish harp, insisted old Lady Cork, that veteran lion-hunter, inviting Miss Owenson, as she then was, to a fashionable party. Miss Owenson arrived without her instrument; but a servant was immediately sent off to fetch it; and, henceforward, her Irish harp—or its conversational and literary equivalent—never left her side. She would pluck its strings for every company in which she found herself. Lady Morgan had a wholesome respect for the rich and great; but she was prepared to smile as sweetly, prattle as artfully, for the benefit of an audience whose social status was far beneath her own; and, her husband having been taken ill and put to bed at a country inn on the way home to Ireland, Lady Morgan (we are told), in the intervals of nursing him, passed her time "sitting on the bench in front of the 'Black Bull,' conversing with the landlord, the boots, and the rector, and standing pints of ale to poor passers-by."

"Put just a touch of rouge on my cheeks; one might as well look one's best at the last," she is said to have whispered to her maid, as she lay dying. This was in 1859; during the seventy years that have elapsed since her death, Lady Morgan's reputation has crumbled and vanished; and to-day there can be very few Londoners who have ever troubled to look for her tomb (which also contains the body of that remarkable novelist, Miss Geraldine Jewsbury) among the crowded ancient headstones of Brompton churchyard. Just three years before Lady Morgan took her departure, Oscar Wilde made his appearance in the city that had seen some of her greatest triumphs. Mr. Vincent O'Sullivan's *Aspects of Wilde* does not profess to be a full-length study; but it contains some interesting material for a re-estimation of Wilde's character and life. Mr. O'Sullivan is able to show that Wilde did *not* end his career in squalor, wretchedness and degradation, and that, to the end, he maintained a considerable degree of independence and self-respect. But he was broken as only a man who depends on an attentive and admiring public can be broken when that audience is snatched away—when the charmer finds no response to his magic lyre.

Aspects of Wilde contains little that is startling or unexpected; but Mr. O'Sullivan includes some shrewd observations of Wilde's temperament and tells a number of good stories, both to Wilde's credit and at his expense. Here, for example, is Wilde in the throes of self-dramatisation. One morning Marcel Schwob went to see Wilde at his Parisian hotel:

> Wilde had just finished dressing and was going out to lunch. He looked about for his cane. "My gold-headed cane has disappeared. Last night I was with the most terrible creatures, bandits, murderers, thieves—such company as Villon kept. They stole my gold-headed cane. There was a youth with beautiful sad eyes who had slain his mistress that morning because she was unfaithful. I feel sure it was he who stole my gold-headed cane." He spoke with relish and satisfaction.
>
> "My gold-headed cane is now between the hands that slew the frail girl who had the grace of a spent rose-bush in the rain."
>
> Schwob meanwhile had been looking about the room, and spied the cane in a corner. "But, Mr. Wilde, *there* is your gold-headed cane."
>
> "Ah, yes!" said Wilde, horribly disappointed; "so it is! There is my gold-headed cane. How clever of you to find it."

No one enjoyed the spectacle that he provided more than Wilde himself; and it was the habit of self-dramatisation that made *De Profundis* so disappointing and uninteresting a book. He pleased himself—he appreciated the "aristocratic pleasure of displeasing"; but he had also (as Mr. O'Sullivan very sensibly insists) "a full,

even a gross sense of what the public liked and could assimilate." He needed his audience. "Perhaps (writes Mr. O'Sullivan) he only condemned the opinion of the world when that opinion was disagreeable to him. I said to him once: 'I suppose one of the reasons which led you to write plays was that you wanted the immediate applause?' He paused a moment, and then replied deliberately: 'Yes, the immediate applause. What a charming phrase of yours.' He rolled it on his tongue. 'The immediate applause.'" Wilde, alas, was destined for a tragic part; yet it was in his nature to enact it superficially. Unlike Byron, whom in many ways he so closely resembled, he could never quite rise to the terrible requirements of his own drama. PETER QUENNELL

TWO CITIES

Dublin Under the Georges, 1714-1830. By CONSTANTIA MAXWELL. *Harrap.* 12s. 6d.

Londoner's New York. By E. STEWART FAY. *Methuen.* 8s. 6d.

Dublin and New York are two standard examples of the grand manner—the eighteenth century's and the twentieth's. Dublin exhales melancholy, the past and the sense of an obliterated purpose that no new world activity can exactly renew: an anti-climatic, possibly endless pause hangs over her large squares, long light streets and darkening Georgian façades. Meanwhile New York, congested on her narrow island, as beautifully brittle-looking as candy in the air, shoots higher yearly, throws out bridges across the Hudson and speedways across the State, tears herself down, re-piles herself in toppling masses and infuses the century with her nervous life. New York grew on a series of impulses; Dublin is rooted in political stubbornness: her great phase had the unity of a social idea.

Miss Maxwell has chronicled what remains—with every salutation to the new Ireland—Dublin's most fully vital, if not her most happy, phase. Under the Georges she was a European capital: as that she has still to find herself again. Strife and complexity, danger and bitter feeling have never released their grip on this unhappy town, but in the eighteenth century, under Grattan's Parliament, the Irish of the Ascendancy turned to them their most nearly unknowing face. Hemmed in by country trouble and shaken by city strife, the aristocratic dwellers each side of the Liffey maintained an almost Venetian level of gaiety. Entertainments were princely. Whatever else happened, they had a good time. Security may have bred, elsewhere, a sounder magnificence, but never magnificence at such fever pitch. Here the great were often shady, but few were shoddy. Trinity College threw out crabbed and mordant wits. The deaneries were head-quarters of good company. The Archbishop's wife drove round Dublin in one of the most dashing turnouts on record. The theatre, in spite of the difficulty of keeping the audience off the stage (on one occasion Sheridan had to clear the Smock Alley theatre with firearms), kept, at least to the time of the Union, a notably high form; concert rooms were packed with exacting audiences, and enthusiastic peers composed a private orchestra. The ladies' conversation was full-blooded and snappy, if not always informed. In clubs and drawing-rooms the rate of play was high; the consumption of drink and victuals at dinners was astounding. Elegance in the exact sense may have been rare: spleen and a tough, drink-pickled melancholy underlay much of the glitter: the glitter itself had a tarnish. The scandalous and infinitely regrettable Union struck all this fun in Dublin a fatal blow.

The conditions in which the poor lived were nauseating, even for the period. A certain amount of relief led to some grand building, though even the new Lying-in Hospital seems to have been open to criticism. The other hospitals, the prisons and orphanages were charnel-houses, with an immense mortality. Liffey floods increased the horrors of a very negative sanitation. English policy and foreign wars struck repeated blows at the Dublin industries: the city's distress-pressure was heightened by influxes of futureless, disaffected country workers. Protection, supported by bloodshed, sacked foreign-goods warehouses, burnt effigies and nocturnal howlings, did what it could. The fortunate classes, in so far as fashion and expediency allowed them, stood by what Irish industries there were. The charming and ill-fated Lord Edward Fitzgerald was not alone, though he was the most militant, in espousing a romantic nationalism. A curious and unspoken complicity of spirit between all classes must account for the fact of there not being, in a city of such extremes and such constant feverish pressure, more, or in fact any sustained, class-hatred.

Miss Maxwell's book, which deals with many more, and more complex, aspects of eighteenth-century Dublin than I have given here, is the fruit of wide, thorough, unbiased and enterprising research. She is admirably documented as to the city's political, social, industrial, academic and artistic life during the period she covers, and she has set out her material most ably. Her style is unaffected, unemotional (though a curious, wry emotion exhales from its matter), concrete, and therefore, I think, excellent. This is a book I steadily recommend.

Mr. E. Stewart Fay's *Londoner's New York* is sprightly and competent: something between a guide-book and a verbal map. It covers everything from (comparatively) early history to Fifth Avenue shops. It is also a *tour de force* of international tact. He explains a good many things about New York one may be too vain to ask friends and too haughty to ask strangers. Some of the photographs (the "clover leaf intersection," for instance) are enlightening: all are well-chosen. To the solitary, or at least not unduly distracted, British tripper, indomitable, proof against nervous fatigue, not subject to hangovers or big city blues, Mr. Fay addresses himself. I feel that this nice book of his ought to find its mark. I agree with him that it is pretty shocking that there should not be more British guide-books to New York. If you are just back, with no hopes of going again, Mr. Fay will show you how much you have missed. ELIZABETH BOWEN

RUSSIA REVISITED

Moscow Admits a Critic. By BERNARD PARES. *Nelson.* 2s. 6d.

Few Englishmen knew Russia in the old days better than did Sir Bernard Pares, and probably few would have known it better in recent years, had he not been regarded as an enemy of the regime and denied entry to the country. It was only when Hitler's emergence had had its effect on Soviet policy, and even then after several refusals of a visa, that Moscow at last admitted its critic, in the winter of 1935. All this fear and caution was surely unnecessary, for Sir Bernard was never a malevolent critic. His love of Russia and the Russians always transcended his dislike of Bolshevik principles and methods, as this little book shows. What he wanted in particular was that his School of Slavonic Studies in England should be in close contact with the living Russia, and we are glad to know that his visit has gone far to achieve its purpose.

The book, most of whose matter appeared a few months ago in a series of articles in the *Spectator*, records his impressions of Moscow after twenty years absence. These impressions are interesting and significant, coming from Sir Bernard Pares; but it is rather absurd to treat his book, as some are disposed to do, as the recantation of a converted sinner. He finds much to praise, as would anybody who was not a fool, in Soviet Russia—the immense constructive work under the Five Year Plan, the development of the social services (though housing lags behind), the advance of education in the schools and through museums, theatres, and so on. He notes, as others have noted, the enthusiasm of the youth, and the general improvement of the standard of living. But on some points he remains a critic; he cannot forget the treatment of the intellectuals, the forced labour in the concentration camps, the persecution of religion, though he sees signs that "the theoretical and aggressive articles of Party belief are moving into the background," and regards the Soviet Government as being much more representative of Russia as a whole than it was a few years ago. A minor criticism, and one of a different order altogether, applies to us and not to the Bolsheviks. Visitors to Russia, he considers, ought to learn Russian before they go, more especially if they propose to write books about the country and its people and institutions. This is a hard saying—perhaps a counsel of perfection.

On the question of the peasants' attitude—the root question as he rightly calls it—Sir Bernard cannot throw much light, since he did not go beyond Moscow. But his belief or hope, based on what he has heard or read, is that the main struggle is over, that the peasants have been converted to collectivisation with its manifold advantages, and that the Government receives the support of the whole population with the exception of some two or three millions. And, finally, he is in no doubt that Russia and this country have common interests, the greatest and most urgent of which is the maintenance of peace. But the common interests still need to be translated into common action. "It is much for the U.S.S.R.," says Sir Bernard, "that we stand for collective security." It would be much more for both of us if the British Government would move, instead of standing, for collective security. C. M. L.

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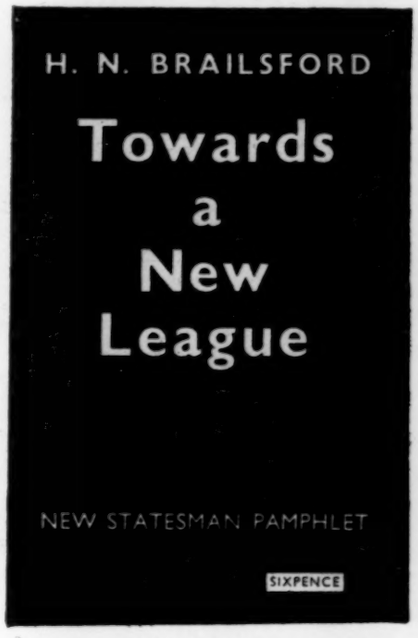

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BALLETOMANES

The Birth of Ballets-Russes. By PRINCE PETER LIEVEN. *Allen and Unwin.* 15s.

Apology for Dancing. By RAYNER HEPPENSTALL. *Faber and Faber.* 12s. 6d.

Prelude to Ballet. By ARNOLD HASKELL. *Nelson.* 3s. 6d.

Are there too many books about ballet? No more, it seems, than can be absorbed by an avid public; here at any rate are another three to add to the balletomane's already groaning shelf. And nowadays we all seem to be balletomanes, fiercely partisan of Markova or Toumanova or Fonteyn, desperately attempting to count *entrechats* and *fouettés*, speculating vaguely on what we missed in Nijinsky and Karsavina. Mr. Haskell has already written a number of books to stimulate and enlighten such enthusiastic amateurs, and in the latest and most concise, *Prelude to Ballet*, he runs through the history of the art, describes the dancer's training and summarises the present position of choreography. It is a useful compendium, and pretends to be no more.

The Birth of Ballets-Russes is a valuable and fascinating contribution to ballet history. Prince Lieven traces the story of the origins of the Diaghilev ballet past the now familiar milestones: the group of friends known as "The Pickwickians," the periodical *Mir Iskustva*, the struggle with hostile Russian officials, Diaghilev's various Parisian exploits culminating in the ballets of 1909, the *Giselle* scandal and Nijinsky's consequent expulsion from the Maryinsky Theatre. Certainly the road is not new, but it has never before seemed so interesting. Prince Lieven has succeeded in conveying, not only the intellectual and artistic ferment in which his principal characters passed those momentous years, but the charm of the St. Petersburg background, sleepy and obstructionist, but neither dull nor graceless. He is concerned primarily with the pre-war period, and has had the advantage of close collaboration with M. Alexandre Benois, the superb artist and stage-designer whose work is now to be seen at the Storran Gallery. Presumably it is M. Benois who has helped to recreate so vividly the principal actors: there are admirable sketches of Diaghilev, Bakst, Nijinsky, Karsavina, Fokine, Astruc (the Parisian impresario) and Benois himself. Nijinsky "seemed scarcely to exist in private life. Silent, unremarkable, helpless, apparently semi-conscious, he seemed to be scarcely alive off the stage, seemed at best to be living some doll's life of his own." "He usually went where he was told to go. Diaghileff led him to the stage and to art, Romola Pulsky and Günsberg to the altar. He just went. . . . Outside the stage, this 'god of the dance' had no actual existence."

Regarding Diaghilev Prince Lieven is both candid and extremely fair, though he makes no secret of the fact that in his view the importance of Benois is generally underestimated: "if Diaghileff in his early years had not had that chance meeting with Benois there would have been no *Ballets-Russes*. . . . The impressions of childhood, the atavistic leanings, the preferences of Benois are to be found in the whole of the Diaghilevian productions during that period" (i.e. until 1912). Diaghilev contributed, in addition to his marvellous flair for organisation and publicity, the quality of "a first-rate 'lightning conductor,' a marvellous 'battery' which could be charged with electricity." Perhaps no one else could have fused the great but diverse talents of the *Mir Iskustva* circle into the creation of that first unequalled series of masterpieces: *Sylphides, Carnaval, Scheherazade, Spectre de la Rose, Petrushka.* They added a new splendour to the world: a splendour which has miraculously survived the early disruption of the "friends," the Great War, the occasional futilities of the post-war experiments, and finally the death of Diaghilev. This beautifully illustrated and produced volume provides a worthy commentary to that lovely flowering of the human spirit, and it is a pity that the real distinction of the writing is sometimes obscured in a translation which, though remarkable for a Russian, should have been revised by an Englishman.

Prince Lieven, though his comments on individual ballets show a fine taste, generally refrains from theorising. Mr. Heppenstall, however, a vigorous young English critic of the ballet, devotes the greater part of his *Apology for Dancing* to the elaboration of a philosophy of ballet. He has done a good deal of fundamental thinking about his subject, and it is unfortunate that the organisation of his excellent material and the style in which he presents it should be so lacking in clarity that his book is tiresome to read. No matter what has gone before, this is no way to begin a paragraph: "And in the Dance, at a fuller and richer level, less clearly, now, and less widely, but more substantially, giving us, so, a

substantial pattern for human life as a whole." Nor is this an isolated instance. Mr. Heppenstall regards ballet primarily as a manifestation of Pure Muscular Style (" the lines of even a fine human body are bad, outside a very small range of movements. And Ballet, fundamentally, is an attempt to defeat this fact "); and as he develops his theme he throws off a profusion of interesting ideas, the most illuminating of which is a comparison between Isadora Duncan and D. H. Lawrence. " Both travelled over the world, endlessly seeking self-fulfilment in alien images of the self-ideal. Both found their only conceivable images in dead races, in museums : Isadora among the monuments of the Glory that was Greece, and Lawrence, with his wider field of reference, among the Etruscans."

Mr. Heppenstall, who is an aggressive person, has no use for the balletomane " whether he is a nasty old gentleman or simply an unhappy young one," and probably few balletomanes will have the intellectual energy to persevere with Mr. Heppenstall. It will be their loss, for there is rich stuff scattered through his book.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

SEX AND CIVILISATION

Sacrifice to Attis. By WILLIAM BRAND. *Heinemann.* 10s. 6d.

The author of this book is a doctor with a wide experience of physical and mental disease gained in the hospital and clinic. The main thesis is not in itself new, for it has been repeatedly pointed out that if the present fall in the birth-rate continues, first England, and then the rest of Western Europe, will rapidly dwindle and sink into insignificance. Dr. Brand's diagnosis of the situation and his suggested remedies are interesting. He finds modern men, and to a lesser extent women, victims of fear : youth hopelessly enslaved to age ; and the individual terrorised by society. Accepting Freud's theory of the omnipresence of parental influence and psychic control in most full-grown men and women, he draws a picture of religion evolving as an escape from an intolerable burden of fear and guilt, and religious sanctions now threatening to throttle the very society which they were originally forged to preserve and consolidate. There is an excellent chapter on the fallacy of man's supposed social instinct, in which the author also disposes of the idea that the instinct underlying the urge to sexual intercourse is the instinct of reproduction—an old fallacy arising from a desire to find some ulterior motive in sexual pleasure.

Dr. Brand traces the idea of the essential wickedness of sex from its origins in the Christian Church. Jesus, as he points out, said very little on sexual matters, and sexual offences were not among those which aroused His indignation. St. Paul and St. Augustine, on the other hand, were both obsessed by the idea of sex, to a degree which would now be considered pathological (anxiety-hysteria) ; and they only found comparative peace by shifting their sense of guilt from themselves as individuals to humanity in general, saddling subsequent generations with the doctrine of original sin which has been the basis of ecclesiastical morality. Women, Dr. Brand points out, have never suffered from this sense of guilt to the same extent as men, and he even regards religion as a man-made remedy forced upon women, to whom it is not really necessary. His prophecies for the future, at least the future of England, are not encouraging. He sees the English in a cleft stick. " Men, shackled as they are, have a long way to go before they can do without God, and in this country in particular, with its centuries of intense civilisation behind it, the need for irrational help, by whatever name it be called, is probably greater than in any other people—and perhaps too great to be borne." In fact, he believes that we cannot live without God and yet must succumb if we cling to our belief in Him.

Dr. Brand writes rather cavalierly of the sweeping moral changes which he considers desirable—" Freer intercourse should be allowed between the sexes. . . . Marriage should be facilitated by large extension of the grounds for divorce "—and he quotes, rather unfortunately, the example of the Soviet Union. It would perhaps have been more relevant to quote the Scandinavian countries where, without any official abandonment of religion or spectacular relaxation of the Christian moral code, public opinion and practice have recently become extremely lenient on sexual questions. The official liberty originally allowed in the Soviet Union has recently been rescinded owing to the apparent failure of the very methods advocated by Dr. Brand ; and, although there may be little doubt that these things are desirable as ends in themselves, it seems to be a mistake to imagine that they are a

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PETER DAVIES

satisfactory means of ridding the world of its unhappiness. Civilisation has brought an enormous increase in the potentialities of enjoyment to a large part of the human race: but it seems that, by an automatic correction of the balance, the nerves, brains, and senses of civilised man have been educated and sharpened not only for the refinements of pleasure but for the proper savouring of new forms of mental and emotional pain. MARTIN COOPER

LUCKNOW AND THEN

Honoria Lawrence. (A FRAGMENT OF INDIAN HISTORY.) By MAUD DIVER. *Murray.* 16*s.*

Whether the Indian Empire was an incentive, one cannot say, but the British Middle Class in the last century was fruitful and did multiply. And country vicarages were the most fruitful. "Where money was scarce and children plentiful brother followed brother to India; some seeking a career, some a fortune."

Honoria Marshall was born in 1808, one of a family of nine sons and seven daughters of the Rev. George Marshall and Elizabeth Sophia. Henry Lawrence, a young cadet in the Indian Survey, on holiday from India, met nineteen-year-old Honoria and fell in love with her. Nine years later she went to India and married him. He was then the Resident in Nepal. Mrs. Diver puts the English point of view very well when she says: "There are few positions at once less arduous and more difficult for an Englishman than the position of Resident in one of these States; to look on unprotesting at a foreign and often corrupt way of life." Notice that corruption is often foreign, and to quote the author: "The incapable Maharajah, a mental and moral imbecile . . . his heir, a boy of sixteen—brutal, vicious, half insane." But what makes the Briton go and ferret out all that vileness and corruption? Thomason, foreign secretary to Ellenborough, the Viceroy at the time, sheds some light. Satirising Ellenborough's annexation of Sind in words so lacking in loyalty as to make Mrs. Diver compare his "anti-imperialism" with Bernard Shaw's, Thomason says:

> I am beginning to be an adept in the Machiavellian arts of Indian diplomacy. . . . For instance: you want plausibly, to lay hands on the Punjab. Speak them fair. Have only words of peace and friendship on your tongue: while you seize every possible pretext for filling frontier towns with troops and munitions of war. Now and then bully and threaten a little; but talk of humanity, civilisation, good Government—and see if, in time, some fair ground of quarrel is not found. There are orders and ribbons and medals to be won on the other side of the Sutlej . . . if our present bellicose Governor-General remains here.

Mrs. Diver adds: "Fortunately for England's good name in India, the conquering hero was recalled."

Under the next Viceroy hands were laid on the Punjab, and Henry Lawrence, now accepted as an able administrator and soldier, became a K.C.B. But it was under Dalhousie, after whom at least two Indian Viceroys of this century patterned themselves, that annexation was carried on under next to no pretext whatever. It is also against Dalhousie—both the man's pompous character and his Fascist policy—that Henry Lawrence's solid worth as a peace-loving administrator and a gentleman, shines best. Dalhousie was for having the "Sikh dynasty abolished" and "itching to upset Oudh." "We shall offer him a treaty; and if he refuses it swallow him," wrote Dalhousie of the King of Oudh. It was Canning who suffered from the indigestion of his predecessor's gorging. The Punjab had been piece-mealed—a piece sold to the highest bidder in the form of the new kingdom of Kashmir—the Sikh royal family almost annihilated. Mutiny broke out in 1857.

This book is therefore not a single portrait. It is a group. The practised hand of the novelist has dressed up Honoria Lawrence's sweetness in sombre shades to contrast with the tropical glare of the scene. But Honoria turns out to be the foil against whom stands Sir Henry Lawrence. And the background had to be filled in by his contemporaries, not always, as we have seen, complimentary to British honour. The majority of her public will thank the author for the copious extracts from Honoria's journal, for the vivid dramatisation and for the sentimental undertone. But some like myself will remain grateful to her for this fragment of Indian history which comes out so well in her portrayal of Lawrence of Lucknow and Honoria, his wife.

J. VIJAYA-TUNGA

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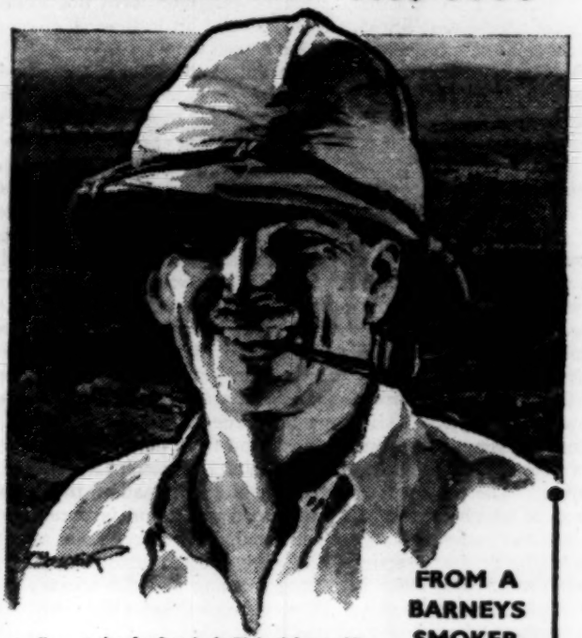
TROUT AND TROUT-WATER

Trout Heresy. By P. B. M. ALLAN. *Philip Allan.* 8*s.* 6*d.*
Wensleydale. By ELLA PONTEFRACT. *Dent.* 6*s.*

Trout Heresy, by Mr. P. B. Allan, is hardly a book which explodes fallacies, for the most deep-rooted of them were exploded some decades ago. There remain the apparent heresies, some of which are nowadays no heresies at all, but well-established new truths, or they are so far off the lines that they can never be generally accepted. For instance, it can never be generally accepted that the actual "presentation" of the artificial fly is of more importance than closeness of imitation. This is probably true as regards South-country chalk streams, but very uncertain as regards the swift-flowing streams north of the Trent. The unimaginative, practical-brained trout of the Yorkshire dales and some of the Scotch valleys are, on very many days, rather too exacting about the right fly, the fly on the water. Put the wrong one on, and however skilfully you may present it, you'll get only a brace or an empty basket, when the right fly would probably crowd it (especially when the trout are feeding on either the drowned fly or the "nymph"). Welsh trout are frequently not so particular, and, with a Celtic eye on the fantastical, are often crazy enough to like fancy flies. There is no hard and fast rule; and even the staunchest admirer of Mr. Allan (and his book is a very good one) will feel that he has rather neglected experimenting on the trout of the dour North. His emphasis, too, of the trout as an exceedingly silly animal is greatly overdone, though he is able by means of it to propound some interesting theories. The book has a very technical, observing, scientific basis, so that it ought to interest many readers other than anglers. Still, it is as an angler that Mr. Allan is at his best and most lively. The chapter entitled "Minor Horrors of the Chalk-Stream" (which, however, tails off into the major horrors of Welsh lake-land) is an effusion of sheer delight. In it the reeling tall story jostles much ruddy coloured veracity, and winds and pouring rains put the angler-reader into the right atmosphere and baptise him with their buffeting allegiance:

> A puff of wind gently guided my cast into the middle of a clump of figwort. May I be forgiven for the things I said. Had the plant

"In the Plain of Armageddon it is difficult to obtain Tobacco at all...."



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COBDEN-SANDERSON

had ears it would have withered on the spot. It is a wonder that it did not burst into flames.

And, with an even more hyperbolic memory, an anecdote about a rapacious thirty-pound brown trout, that puts all heresies into the shade :

> "Oh, blow the car," said he, "I'm just going to catch the largest trout ever taken on rod and line. You see this tiddler?" He held up another two-pounder. "Well, while I was reeling it in, a colossal fish followed it and would have gorged it if that rock hadn't got in the way. Got any triangles on you?"

From *Trout Heresy* to Miss Ella Pontefract's *Wensleydale* is an awkward stride; made all the more difficult in that Miss Pontefract, save for a paragraph and a half on the shelly crayfish, says nothing in it about fish and fishing, though the river Ure which flows through the valley (strange to say it takes its name after a village instead of the river) is probably the best grayling river in England, while its upper reaches, from just below Aysgarth Falls, yield some of the best stretches of trout-water in the North. Here Mr. Allan might have the opportunity of exploding at least one of his heresies, and if he didn't like the fishing, he could take some agreeable car rides along a broad, fell-flanked green dale, which, though less mysterious than either Swaledale or Wharfedale, is, as yet, quite unspoiled by building atrocities.

Miss Ella Pontefract's book is, however, little better than a glorified guide book, though it opens with a stimulating chapter. It contains much topographical information, short histories of abbeys, villages and people, excellent reproductions of dialect, and a sufficient stream of anecdotes. But as a Nature book it fails in general colour and detail. Except, perhaps, in the first chapter, there is nothing to compare with the incomparable Hudson, for of flowers, trees, birds, beasts and fishes there is very little indeed. It is a guide to the civilised dale, not a guide to its natural exuberance and guarded secrets. The woodcuts, however, by Marie Hartley are well done (the title leaf also asserts that Marie Hartley has put in some collaboration on the written page), and together with some excellent photographs supply the atmosphere that the written page generally lacks.

HERBERT PALMER

PROBLEMS OF NEUROSIS

An Enquiry into Prognosis in the Neuroses. By T. A. ROSS. *Cambridge University Press.* 10s. 6d.

The art of making a prognosis was considered to be an important medical accomplishment even in the days of Hippocrates. This is a difficult art and the modern tendency to base judgments on statistics of cures admits of many errors: it is, however, better to have the material facts set out for criticism than to base conclusions on subjective impressions. *An Enquiry into Prognosis in the Neuroses* summarises the results of treatment, at the Cassel Hospital, of some twelve hundred patients who, on admission, were suffering from mental disorder but who were not insane. General conclusions are clearly stated and an outline is given of the methods of treatment which have been employed.

Dr. Ross, under whose direction the treatment was carried out, takes an optimistic view of the results: indeed, the physician's optimism is part of the treatment. The average duration of residence at this hospital is four months. The results of following-up patients by letter, some years after their treatment ceased, showed that about 40 per cent. of the total number remained well for at least five years. A large proportion of the patients were lost sight of, however, and those who did not reply to the enquiring letter would, on the whole, be those who were not impressed by the value of their treatment. In order to assess the precise effect of any form of medical treatment, the chances of recovery of an untreated case must be known: this probability, as Dr. Ross admits, cannot be ascertained. Nevertheless, certain case histories which Dr. Ross quotes carry the conviction that patients are not infrequently cured by the method of "persuasion" which he usually adopts. This is not the same as "suggestion" and it differs fundamentally from hypnosis and from psychoanalysis. It is a common-sense method and its aim is to teach rather than to analyse. The patient is given advice and information, the remote effects of which are like those of a seed planted in favourable soil so that the patient may go on improving for many years after he has left hospital. Descriptions of such effects as this, and of more rapid results also, make interesting reading and the avoidance of technical terms will please those who are unfamiliar with the terminology of psychological medicine.

Many of the problems which are raised in the book are discussed with tantalising brevity. For example, Dr. Ross claims that one of the great advantages of his form of treatment over Freudian psychoanalysis is that he does not allow a "transference" to develop between the patient and the doctor. When a grateful patient writes to him, fourteen years after treatment, attributing her cure to his influence, he will not admit that the improvement depended upon any personal relationship between them. It is difficult to believe that persuasion can be effective unless transference and counter-transference exist between the patient and the doctor: the important question is, surely, how such relationships are utilised in order to effect a cure. The Freudian method is to analyse the patient's attitude to the doctor in terms of the patient's forgotten experiences. Dr. Ross, as a practical man, believes that psychoanalysis is neither feasible nor necessary in the great majority of cases; in fact, he points out that, in many instances, psychoanalysis is impossible because the patient cannot co-operate in the specified way. The doctor should have at his disposal means for dealing with every type of case.

Dr. Ross's book stimulates thought upon the question of the relativity of neuroses. An insane person rarely considers himself to be ill: although the neurotic patient has insight and feels that there is something wrong, the symptom of which he complains is not always that characteristic in which he is mentally most abnormal. Neurosis of one kind or another is universal and it is only when symptoms threaten to overstep the margin, which is considered to be the limit of normality in a given community, that treatment is sought. Some people are more liable to mental breakdown than others and the particular conditions under which they live can be the precipitating factors. Some are ill because they are not at work and others because they are in the wrong work: some are ill because they live with the wrong people or with relatives whom they subconsciously hate. A reorganisation of the patient's life, on the basis of a better knowledge of his own capacities, is effected by the persuasion method of treatment. But how far has the neurosis thus been cured? Is it still there, unrecognised and ready to give trouble again when circumstances become unfavourable? Has the physician discharged his duty when he has attended to the immediate needs of his patient or can he do more than this? How far is the neurotic disposition

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inborn and how far is it acquired in early life? It is to be regretted that Dr. Ross has not been able to discuss these wider issues in this study to prognosis for they certainly seem to be relevant to the subject.

L. S. PENROSE

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS

The Truth About Christopher Columbus. By CHARLES DUFF. With an introduction by PHILIP GUEDALLA. *Grayson.* 18*s.*

This book is worth reading for its copious extracts from the Journals of Columbus, and for Mr. Duff's portrait of Columbus himself, with his mixture of cunning and conviction, his love of titles and display, his persuasiveness and pertinacity in bargaining, his ineptness as an administrator, his invincible courage and resourcefulness as an explorer. The poorest part of the book is Mr. Duff's account of the reasons which led to America being discovered towards the close of the fifteenth century. It is now accepted that an expedition of Norsemen from Greenland settled in Massachusetts at the beginning of the eleventh century, and remained there for three years. But there are no grounds at all for Mr. Duff's conclusion: "That there was an interval of five hundred years between the first European colonisation of America and the subsequent one can hardly detract from the fact that the first one led to the second . . ." The Norse settlement had no consequences. Europe, at that date, was unsettled, and with France, the British Isles and other rich lands open to exploitation, there was no inducement to sail into the western seas in search of scattered islands, for there is no reason to believe that the Norsemen who settled in Massachusetts knew that they had reached a vast continent. It was the rise of the Ottoman Empire in the fifteenth century which, by barring the land routes to the East, turned the eyes of Europe towards the Atlantic. No one knew how far to the east Asia extended, and it was tempting to believe, now that the Turks lay across the caravan routes, that Asia might be only a few days' sail from the western shores of Europe. Mr. Duff speaks of "his (Columbus's) great faith in the existence of what we know as America." Of this great faith there is not a hint in any record we possess of Columbus, who down to the day of his death believed that he had reached Asia by the Atlantic. "He reached his 'Land to the West,'" Mr. Duff writes, "and he found the islands and mainland which he had in his mind—and we must not criticise him too hardly if they did not happen to be, as he thought later, a part of Asia." What he thought "later" he had always thought. "I am determined," he wrote to Ferdinand and Isabella on his first voyage, after landing on one of the islands of the West Indies, "to proceed on to the mainland . . . and deliver the letters of Your Highnesses to the Great Khan." Every island he reached he believed to be Japan, and when on his last voyage he landed in Honduras he wrote home that the mines of Solomon were near at hand, and the cities of Cathay a few days' journey inland. Through his courage and single-mindedness he opened the way to the New World, but his fame is not served by trying to pretend that he knew what he had achieved.

Whether the discovery, intentional or unintentional, of a huge continent entitles the discoverer to be regarded as a great man, is another question. Perhaps the most interesting chapter in this book is the one in which Mr. Duff narrates the fate of the Indians at the hands of the Spanish invaders. "These people," Columbus wrote, ". . . are a very gentle race, not knowing what bad is . . . they . . . are firmly persuaded that we have come from Heaven . . ." Within forty or fifty years of Columbus's first voyage, twelve million Indians were exterminated by the Spaniards. In their desire for gold, which Columbus shared, though he was not personally cruel, the Spaniards subjected the natives to every kind of torture to learn about mines which had no existence. They were cruel also for the pleasure of it. "No greater pastime," Las Casas, an eye-witness, wrote, "was practised than wagering as to a cavalier's ability to cleave completely a man with one dexterous blow. A score would fall before one would drop in the divided parts essential to winning the wager. . . . A brave Spaniard's strength was tested by his ability to tear an infant in two pieces by pulling apart its tiny legs."

Much rhapsodical writing has been poured out over the moment when Columbus and his companions sighted the New World. For a change, one might enter into the wonder of the Indians when the first ships bearing these heavenly visitants came above the horizon.

HUGH KINGSMILL

News of an unexpected joy to come makes sweet music to the ear. "We're to have a real holiday —the Church Army says so." The children rush into the little slum house, the hard-working mother listens, beaming with delight—at last a change from the slums—the sea, the sun and rest.

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SHORTER NOTICES

The Jews of Majorca. By A. LIONEL ISAACS. *Methuen.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

This history of the Jews in Majorca makes a timely appearance when the European Jew is again being subjected to the venom of persecution. Mr. Isaacs shows us how gradual was the growth of animus against his co-religionists in Majorca, who for a long while were favoured subjects of the Spanish King, and were only reluctantly given over to the fanaticism of the Church. That their sufferings were as appalling as their fate was undeserved few will deny, and so long as he sticks to the records Mr. Isaacs will have his English readers with him. But when he turns to the interpretation of European history and the place of the Jew in it he is not so convincing. The Jews were not the pioneers of Western civilisation. That was cradled in Ionia. The main contribution of the Jew was the intolerant monotheism he professes and under which he has suffered. The Jew has been valuable, but not invaluable, to commerce, owing to his skill in the manipulation of money. But that skill has not endeared him to the commonalty; and his own aloofness from the common life of the people amid whom he lives has been a potent factor in the ostracism of which he complains. The fate of the Jew in Majorca was horrible, but the fate of the Albigenses was worse, and theism rampant is always the devil.

The Heritage of "The Bounty." By H. L. SHAPIRO. *Gollancz.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Dr. Shapiro's study of the Pitcairn Islanders, descendants of *The Bounty* mutineers, their Tahitian wives, and the six more recent British and American settlers, is a complete history of the island from the landing of Fletcher Christian and his companions to the present day. Having given us this history and his own impressions of the island and the people, Dr. Shapiro turns to the main object of his visit for the recording of anthropological data. The results of his investigation are particularly interesting. None of the presumed evils of miscegenation was discovered. The intermarriages bringing no shame and the stocks being healthy, there has been no degeneration of character or physique. The appearance of the people is predominantly British, though their eyes and hair are dark and there are slight signs of their Polynesian ancestry. In spite of the fact that the women had the care of the children, their language has had but the slightest effect on their father's tongue. The islanders can speak and write good English, and even the local

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Applications (six copies) must reach the Secretary, Office of the High Commissioner for the Union of South Africa, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.2 (from whom further particulars may be obtained) not later than August 31st, 1936. Applicants, in addition to submitting copies of testimonials, must give the names of three referees.

The Professors will be expected to assume duty on March 1st, 1937, or as soon as possible thereafter; salary will be paid from February 1st, 1937, if they have vacated their previous posts on or before January 31st, 1937, and report for duty on or before February 25th, 1937; otherwise salary will be paid from date of assumption of duty.

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patois is more or less free from native words or idioms. The social customs are English, the Tahitian contribution to the common culture being agriculture and weaving. And last but not least, allowing for the modest nature of the compulsory education, there is no sign of mental incapacity.

An Apostle of Empire: Being the Life of Sir Lloyd William Mathews, K.C.M.G. By ROBERT NUNEZ LYNE. *Allen and Unwin.* 10s. 6d.

Lloyd William Mathews at the age of thirteen was nominated to *The Britannia*, and as senior sub-lieutenant of *The Active* saw service in the Ashanti campaign of 1873–74, was promoted lieutenant and in *The London* was sent to Zanzibar to make war on the slave trade. Mathews was then twenty-four, and his life work had begun, for after a spell of naval work patrolling the coast he was lent to the Sultan, and organised for him a military force which brought the Arab slave-traders into subjection. On retiring from the Navy, he entered the service of the Sultan, and serving him and his successors became a power in the land, as General commanding the Army and as First Minister. He died in harness in 1901 at the age of fifty-one, a year after the slave trade had come to its end. Mr. Lyne writes of his friend and chief with an admiration which is justified by every record of his years of devoted service, years which saw the extinction of the trade in human lives and the coming of the Germans to East Africa, admirable descriptions of which are given by Mr. Lyne.

Week-end Competitions

No. 332

Set by George Christ

You are the Negus. Geneva notifies you that Ethiopia's subscription is now due. Reply on a postcard in not more than 30 words. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half-a-Guinea for the best entries.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, July 31.
2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.
3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.
4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 330

Set by Ralph Partridge

We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half-a-Guinea for a cautionary alphabet for modern children warning them of the horrors of life.

Report by Ralph Partridge

There were 65 entries for this competition. For the majority the horrors of life to-day spring from the horrors of war to-morrow. I was faintly surprised at this point of view as I was under the impression that most children at the alphabet stage are agreeably excited by the idea of another war. To my mind the greatest horror of war is that in experience it has never yet been horrible enough to deter the world from further hostilities. After war the most popular horrors are connected with motor cars and Fascism. Sex, which I was backing for at least a place, just stands for S, and not always even that. As a matter of interest I worked out the general consensus:

A for Armaments.
B for Bombs and Beacons.
C for Conscription and Civilisation (!)
D for Dole and Dope.
E for Empire.
F for Fascism.
G for Germs.
H for Hitler.
I for Income Tax.
J for Jail.
K for Kissing.
L for League and Learner.
M for Musso, Mosley and Munitions.
N for Noise and Nazis.
O for Outrages.
P for Petrol and Politicians.
Q for Quacks and Quins.
R for Radio.
S for Sex.
T for Traffic.
U for Unemployment.
V for Virginity—both its presence and absence
W for War.
X for Xylophones.
Y for Youth.
Z for Zero and Zeppelins.

Although verse was not specified only two competitors attempted prose; but neither achieved distinction in that difficult line. In the rhyming entries there were many neat lines but not a high standard of consistency. J. Taylor started off promisingly with:

A is for the Appetites you'd better not indulge;
One sort makes you ostracised, another makes you bulge,

but could not keep it up. Douglas Hawson brought off a good X:

X marks the place where the body was found;
Read the murderer's life when next Sunday comes round.

Other lines which appealed to me in their different styles were Maurice Gerrard's:

E is for Elephant—never forgets.
F is for Female—many regrets.

Kyamwa's:

E's Education, now mad and informal.
F stands for Freud—to prove you abnormal.

B. R. Gibbs's:

O stands for Orgies, conducted in mews
P is the Pictures of you in the news.

and Spondee's:

O is Old School Tie—it saves lots of bother
By warning Old School Friends to dodge one another.

and I felt indebted to the competitors who assigned H to Halitosis, N to Night Starvation and particularly S. D. for "Y is for Yorkshire, the cricketing powers, Who just sit on their splices and stone-wall for hours." I regret to say that N in several contributions stood for THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

Coleridge Hills stood a good chance of a prize only he omitted the letter T. E. Kemp's K debarred her as it was undecipherable, otherwise she would have been second. The prizes are awarded, first to F. C. E., second to Stephen Humphreys-Owen.

FIRST PRIZE

A is for ASHES, to which you'll descend.
B is the BOMB that will hasten your end.
C is the CLAMOUR and CHAOS of speed,
D for its DANGERS, which none of us heed.
E for your ENEMIES, but, which is curious,
Your FRIENDS, you will find, can be just as injurious.
G is for GERMS, which in trillions surround.
H is for HORRORS with which they abound.
INTELLIGENCE (I) you may have it, but yet,
J is the JOB it won't help you to get.
K—KILL for your country, or go to the wall—
AMOR (L for LOVE) vincit nothing at all.
But M is for MURDER—a terrible thing,
And N is the NOOSE where the murderers swing.
O is for OLIGARCHS running the show;
P—PEACE and PROGRESS which you'll never know.
Q is QUEER STREET, where the nations are living;
R for the REMEDIES no one is giving.
S is SECURITY—gilt-edged and stable,
Which is, these TROUBLED TIMES, merely a fable.
U is for UGLINESS, pampered and flaunting.
V is VENALITY, everywhere vaunting
W is the WORLD, which will care not a bean
By which EXIT (that's X) you depart from the scene.
Y is for YOU—oh most miserable blight,
Z those ZANIES your parents who brought you to light.

F. C. E.

SECOND PRIZE

A for the Asinine ethics you'll fake.
B for the Bibulous friends you'll make.
C for the communal meals you'll take.
and D for the danger of lying awake
with Erotic fixations.

F for the Flesh and its unpopularity.
G for the Gibber of mass solidarity.
H for the Hope of municipal charity.
and I for Indecent and frequent hilarity
at Jokes about bedrooms.

K for the Killing you'll have to be taught.
L for the Logic of good clean sport.
M for the Money for which you'll be bought.
N for the National cause to be fought.
Obviously your duty.

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MIEDERS-IN-STUBAI, Tirol; 2,100 ft. up, 10 m. Innsbruck, beautiful Alpine scenery. Excellent cuisine; English spoken and English library. Terms: Low season, 7s. 6d.; High, 8s.–8s. 6d. daily. Special arrangements parties. HERR BECK, Hotel Lerchenhof.

BOARD RESIDENCE

TWO comfortable and attractive bed-sitting rooms to let in house recently decorated, incl. breakfast, h. and c., house tel. in all rooms. 3 bathrooms, etc. RESIDENT PROPRIETRESS, 74 Cambridge Terr., W.2. PAD 5096.

WANTED, paying guest (lady). Very suitable writer or artist; undisturbed country surroundings, attractive small 18th Cen. house, bath, C.H.W. SCOTT, Jacksons Farm, NEWCHURCH, New Romney, Kent. £2 2s. p.w. Full board.

FOR SALE, TO LET AND WANTED

ON AN OLD-WORLD VILLAGE GREEN. TO LET, a fine period House of Character in the Georgian style, old but well modernised, standing on highest ground nine miles N. from Charing Cross. Something "different" of instant appeal to the discriminating. Four-five bedrooms, three reception rooms, kitchen, store-room, bathroom, etc. Large sun-lounge, garage for 2 cars. Electric light, gas, Ideal boiler. Well-stocked garden, partly walled, old fruit trees. Close station. Easy access City and West End. To let at £95 per annum. BURTON, 257 High Street, Kensington, W.8. Western 6615.

QUEEN ANNE HOUSE, small, unspoiled, facing river, picturesque quiet locality, 5 miles Hyde Park Corner; 3 recep., 5 bed., 3 bath., cloakroom, powdering rooms, large garage, small pretty garden; panelled rooms, fine fireplaces, labour-saving fittings, gas, electricity; first-class decorative, sanitary and structural repair. £3,950 freehold; offer considered for quick sale. Apply OWNER, Zoffany House, Strand-on-the-Green, W.4.

ON SOUTH DOWNS.—Bertrand Russell wishes to let unfurnished six-roomed cottage 600ft. above sea; sheltered position, fine views, 7 acres rough land. Electric light, w.c., no bathroom. Rent 25s. a week including rates. Apply Telegraph House, Harting, Petersfield.

THATCHED Cotswold cottage to let furnished from September; 3 bedrooms, bath, electricity, gas, hot water, fruit trees. JACOB, Charlbury, Oxon.

HOME widow's country house (1 p.g. male, 1 child), 30 m. Lond., quiet study, grge., ping-pong, carpntr. bench. Vegtnism. opt. Terms mod., or room exchange some help gdn. Box 317, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

TO LET Aug.–Sept., furnished flat, two large rooms, kitchen, bathroom. 114 Gower St., W.C.1.

CHELSEA.—3 rooms unfurnished and kitchenette to let in Georgian house. Quiet, sunny; constant hot water; service available. Flaxman 8339.

W.C.1. Flat to let. Large living room, 2 bedrooms, kitchen, use bath. 35s. p.w. (incl. elec. light). 4 Ampton Street, W.C.1. Terminus 6761.

CHARMING FURNISHED FLAT, 1st floor, two rooms, kitchen, bathroom. 22 Belsize Park. Primrose 4202.

ROOMS (furn.) in Hampstead, ½ hr. from Oxford St. Quiet house, garden. 22 Belsize Avenue. PRI 1043.

ATTIC IN WESTMINSTER. Two charming furnished rooms and use of adjacent bathroom (h. & c.) 25s. Box 326, N.S. & N., 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

SWISS COTTAGE. Delightful, large sunny room. Congenial atmosphere, every comfort, service available. Very convenient and healthy, £1. Also smaller, 15s.; garden room and kitchen, 25s.; artistic, light large attic room, 15s. 6 Lancaster Road, N.W.3. Primrose 6833 or Maida Vale 6792.

WANTED August, 2 single rooms with board, country near sea, inexpensive, quiet, Cornwall preferred. Box 325, N.S. & N., 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

WANTED. Couple in forties urgently want rent 4-bedroom country house near progressive or possible school, girl 8½. Views modern, not extreme. Box 309, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

WANTED. Indian Student at L.S.E. desires partial board and lodgings with a family near the country, about an hour's journey from town. Willing to pay about 45s. p.w. Apply Box 315, N.S. & N., 10 Gt Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

P for the Problems that marriage begins.
Q for a Quota of Quads and Quins.
R for the Ridicule virtue wins.
S for the Seven odd deadly sins.
Though you're certain to have them all.

U for the Unpolished coffin of deal.
V for the Vicar's obituary zeal.
W the Witness of earthworms' meal.
X'cellent fellow, but dull, they'll feel.
but Y this Yarn? You're not dead yet.
Z for the Zest of an unpaid debt.

STEPHEN HUMPHREYS-OWEN

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 187.—CROSS COUNTRY LIFE
By J. G. STUBBS

The Annual Inter-Club Cross-country Race for the Mayor's Cup was held over Upsand Downs this afternoon. In this race five runners from each competing club take part and each of them scores as many points as his position at the finish. The team with the lowest aggregate of points for its five representatives wins the trophy. Last year, when only two teams entered, the Alphadale Athletic Club beat the Betaburn Beagles. This year a third club, the Harehall Harriers, also competed.

Alphadale and Betaburn each had exactly the same team to-day as in last year's race, and the positions of these ten runners, relative to one another, were exactly the same to-day as they were a year ago. Nevertheless, Betaburn won this afternoon, with Harehall second and Alphadale last.

The margin by which Alphadale beat Betaburn last year was greater than that by which Betaburn beat Alphadale to-day.

Tom Cobleigh of Alphadale was the individual winner to-day, while Harry Hawke, the Betaburn veteran, was beaten by all the Alphadale runners.

There were two runners named J. Smith, one ran for Alphadale, the other for Betaburn. One of them finished two places behind the other. Joe Smith finished one place behind Ginger Brown of Harehall.

There were no dead heats.

Which club did Jack Smith run for, and what was his position in the race?

PROBLEM 185.—AT SPAGHETTI'S

There are 44 possible rearrangements of the 5 diners.

The simplest approach for the non-mathematician is, I think, the following:

Let the 5 diners be A, B, C, D, E.

Let A sit in B's seat. Then the other four diners can be seated in 4! ways, i.e. 24. But in *one* of these arrangements three men are in the same seats, i.e. B A C D E.

In 3 arrangements two men are in the same seats:

E A C D B
D A C B E
C A B D E

and in 9 arrangements one man is in the same seat:

B A C E D
E A C B D
D A C E B
B A E D C
C A E D B
E A B D C
B A D C E
C A D B E
D A B C E

Leaving 11 arrangements, in which A occupies B's seat and all other seats are changed.

Similarly, A can sit in C's seat, in D's, or in E's. And:

$4 \times 11 = 44$

PROBLEM 184.—THE THREE GROUP CIPHER

Only one competitor has solved this jolly little cipher. I will therefore give an additional clue, viz., that there are 35 letters in the decode.

The successful solver who, automatically, gets Low's cartoons (and 10 points) is: Harry Broadbent, "Auburn," Upgang Lane, Whitby.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10s. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope; but on separate sheets of paper.

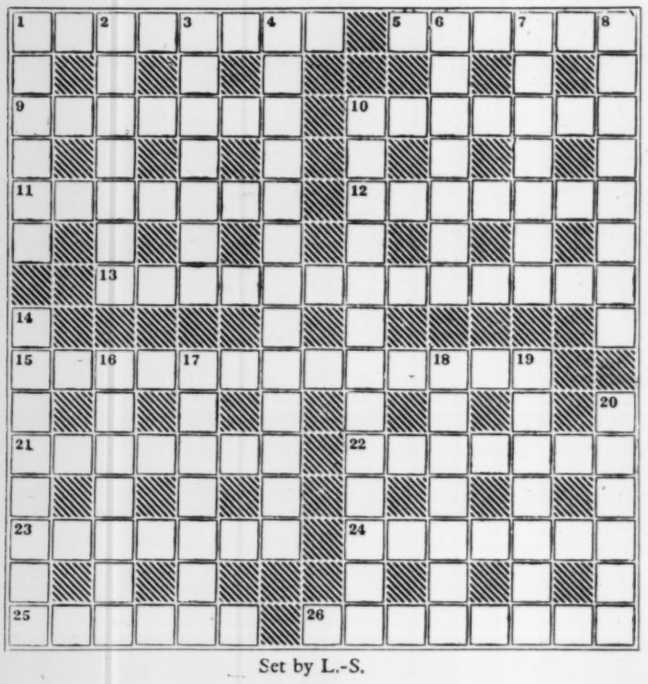
Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

[U.S.A. Competitors. The Editor regrets that the prizes offered in our Week-end Competitions cannot apply to American competitors.]

CALIBAN

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 333

The sender of the first correct solution to be opened may choose as prize a copy of either *This England* or *The Playtime Omnibus*. Envelopes should be addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1, and must arrive not later than first post next Wednesday. Prize-winners should address their claims to the Editor.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is
Mr. T. J. Rees, 30 Eaton Crescent, Swansea

ACROSS

1. Entrants find it a walk-over.
5. Capers cut steeply.
9. What a Boy Scout should do before a trim.
10. How to keep food cool without a refrigerator?
11. An American city produces an article about a Yorkshire town.
12. Double to the valley for land holding.
13. A spiteful woman without a bob?
15. An additional establishment no doubt.
21. An empty corner.
22. It has a mud slinging job.
23. Derivatively an angular sort of country.
24. Describes him whose eye is single.
25. Result perhaps of cutting finger stalls from a glove.
26. This implies that the eggs were broken.

DOWN

1. How the witness may remove the ruler.
2. Top dressing so to speak.
3. A classical person shows skill in bridge building it seems.
4. M.C.
6. Not nautical sounding.
7. I am back and forth in a broken down car.
8. Stops before air holes.
10. A lodging with bare board but not bare boards.
14. This refreshment suggests my shrieks —of joy no doubt.
16. Too honest to be grand.
17. The horse is in sound condition.
18. Such parts have not the middle cut.
19. This would make the nag fret.
20. Builders sometimes put this wind up.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

B	A	C	O	N	■	P	A	R	K	G	A	T	E	S
I	■	R	■	E	■	H	■	E	■	A	■	R	■	Y
S	T	A	L	E	M	A	T	E	■	R	H	O	M	B
O	■	B	■	D	■	R	■	D	■	D	■	O	■	A
N	E	A	R	■	G	O	A	L	K	E	E	P	E	R
■	■	P	■	T	■	S	■	I	■	N	■	■	■	I
L	A	P	D	O	G	■	S	N	A	P	S	H	O	T
A	■	L	■	A	■	P	■	G	■	A	■	E	■	E
T	R	E	A	D	L	E	S	■	S	T	E	A	M	S
E	■	■	■	S	■	A	■	I	■	H	■	R	■	■
F	I	R	S	T	P	R	I	Z	E	■	S	T	E	M
I	■	A	■	O	■	T	■	Z	■	S	■	F	■	U
N	E	G	R	O	■	R	O	A	S	T	B	E	E	F
A	■	E	■	L	■	E	■	R	■	U	■	L	■	F
L	E	S	S	S	P	E	E	D	■	N	O	T	E	S

THE charge for classified advertisements is One Shilling and Sixpence per line per insertion (a line averages seven words). One line should be added for Box Number. Substantial reduction for a series of insertions. Copy first post Wednesday. The Advert. Manager, N.S. & N., 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. (Hol. 3216.)

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

GUILDHOUSE, Eccleston Square, S.W.1. Sunday, July 26th, at 6.30, REV. JOHN NEVIN SAYRE.

CONWAY HALL, Red Lion Square, Holborn.—Sunday, July 26th, at 11 a.m.: S. K. RATCLIFFE: "THE FOLLY OF THE ABSOLUTE." Admission Free. Visitors Welcome.

THE ETHICAL CHURCH, Queen's Road, Bayswater, W.2. Sunday, July 26th, at 11, V. A. CALLOW: "MAKING THE BEST OF A BAD JOB." 7, H. J. BLACKHAM: "THE WEBBS' BOOK ON SOVIET COMMUNISM."

SCHOOLS AND EDUCATIONAL

CICELY C. WRIGHT, 50 Great Russell St., London, W.C.1. EXPERT ADVISER SCHOOLS TRAININGS. Specially selected list schools personally visited. No charge to parents or students.

THE GARDEN SCHOOL, WYCOMBE COURT, LANE END, Nr. HIGH WYCOMBE. Boarding School for girls aged 4–18. Estate of 61 acres in lovely part of Chiltern Hills, 550 feet above sea level. Balanced education on free, individual lines, with scope for initiative and creative self-expression in all subjects. Large staff of Graduates. Ordinary curriculum includes elocution, art, crafts, singing, dancing, eurhythmics, games, swimming. Lessons out-of-doors when possible. Open-air swimming pool. Fees £105–£165 per annum.

PINEWOOD, CROWBOROUGH, SUSSEX. Home school for boys and girls, 3–12 years, where environment, diet, psychology and teaching methods maintain health and happiness. ELIZABETH STRACHAN. Crowborough 224.

BADMINTON SCHOOL, Westbury-on-Trym Bristol.
A Public School for Girls. (Founded 1858.)
Visitor, The Right Hon. the Viscount Cecil of Chelwood, P.C., K.C., M.A., D.C.L., LL.D.
President of the Board of Governors: Gilbert Murray, Esq., LL.D., D.Litt., F.B.A., Regius Professor of Greek in the University of Oxford.
Head Mistress: Miss B. M. Baker, B.A.
Sound education is combined with preparation for world citizenship, full advantage being taken of School journeys abroad and of the proximity of the City and University of Bristol for cultural educational and social purposes. Girls of non-British nationality are welcome in the community.

BEACON HILL SCHOOL, Boyle's Court, South Weald, Essex. Co-educational from two years. Applies modern knowledge in diet, psychology and teaching methods. Moderate fees, easily accessible, in lovely country surroundings. From individual freedom to social understanding through self-government. Fully trained staff. Inquiries to DORA RUSSELL, Principal. Phone: Brentwood 1103.

OFFER of school fees reduced to £130 inclusive for vacancies booked at once in leading progressive school. Co-ed. 5–11; senior girls. Ideal country estate; 100 acres. Scope for every type of child—intellectual, artistic, practical; health, happiness and normal development. BRICKWALL, Northiam, Sussex.

HALSTEAD PLACE, near SEVENOAKS. Preparatory School, Boys and Girls 6–14. Recognised by the Board of Education. Modern outlook.

KESWICK SCHOOL. English Lakes. Family life, sanely progressing towards equality of sex and class. Ages 6–19. Fees £82.

BRECHIN PLACE SCHOOL for Girls and Boys.—Apply MRS. E. M. SPENCER, 11, Brechin Place, Gloucester Road, S.W.7.

L'AVENIR, Chesières-Villars, Switzerland. Co-educational (4–18). Altitude 4,100 feet.

BEDALES, Petersfield, Hants. (Founded 1893.) Co-educational Public School; for boys and girls from 12–19. Separate Junior School (4–12). Scholarships, including some for Arts and Music. Headmaster: F. A. MEIER, M.A. (Camb.)

THE FROEBEL PREPARATORY SCHOOL, Colet Gardens, W.14. Nursery class attached. Sound modern education for boys and girls from 2–14 years old.

CUDHAM HALL, near Sevenoaks, Kent. Progressive Home School for young children. Delightful country surroundings. Open air life. Riding School on premises. All round education at moderate inclusive fees. Miss M. K. WILSON. Tel.; Biggin Hill 203.

HURTWOOD SCHOOL
PEASLAKE Nr. GUILDFORD
Boarding and Day School
for
Boys and Girls
(from 3 years)
wishes to produce healthy, well-balanced individuals, with humour, originality and good sense, which will enable them to use their knowledge and individuality wisely in the service of society. Specially erected, well-equipped new buildings. Full particulars from the Principal, Miss JANET JEWSON, M.A., N.F.U.

SCHOOLS—continued

CHILDREN'S FARM, ROMANSLEIGH, DEVON. A Home School for Boys and Girls, 4–13. Entire charge, short periods, holidays. MRS. VOLKMER, B.A.

MALTMAN'S GREEN, GERRARD'S CROSS. *Head Mistress*: Miss CHAMBERS, Girton College, Cambridge, late Head Mistress of the Huddersfield High School. The aim of this school is to develop the character, intellect, and healthy growth of the child for the good of the community, to encourage self-expression, to increase resource and initiative by practical work. The girls will be prepared for the Universities, the Medical Profession, and for advanced work in Music, or Art. Fees include Elocution, Dancing, Cookery. Gerrard's Cross is 300ft. above sea level and is on gravel soil. The house is delightfully situated in its own grounds of 15 acres.

KING ARTHUR'S SCHOOL for Girls and Boys Sound education on modern lines. Apply Miss WALKERDINE, B.A., 10 Bolton Gardens, S.W.5.

BROOKLANDS, Crowborough, Sussex. Pre-prep. school and all-year-round home. Sound early education and careful training. Boys 3–10. Girls 3–12. Trained staff. Exceptional health record. Beautiful surroundings. Apply SECRETARY.

OCKLYE, Crowborough, Sussex. Home school for boys and girls. Delightful garden; open-air life; craft work; natural methods. Full charge. Seaside bungalow for holidays. Moderate fees. Prospectus Miss JOHNSTON. Crowborough 234.

OAKLEA, BUCKHURST HILL, ESSEX (recognised by Board of Education). Girls 8 to 19. P.N.E.U. programmes followed. Individual time-tables for "Citizens" over 12. Handicrafts, eurhythmics, gardening, riding in forest, etc. Oxford Examination Centre. Principal: BEATRICE GARDNER.

THE BELTANE SCHOOL, Queensmere Road, Wimbledon Common, is a modern and progresssive School for boys and girls of from 5–18 years. School Buses to and from South-West London for Day Children. Boarders taken at moderate fees. 10 acres of ground with Tennis and Swimming.

DR. WILLIAMS' SCHOOL, DOLGELLEY
NORTH WALES.
Recognised by Board of Education.
Headmistress:
Miss E. CONSTANCE NIGHTINGALE, M.A.
Endowed School. Moderate inclusive fee for board, tuition and books.
Junior Department, ages five to ten.

ONLY BOOK AUTHORISED BY H.M.C.
PUBLIC AND PREPARATORY SCHOOLS YEAR BOOK
Official Book of Headmasters' Conference and Association of Preparatory Schools. Consult at Libraries, Clubs, etc. Schools, careers, professions, etc. 10s. 6d. net.—Year Book Press, 31 Museum Street, W.C.1

SCHOOLS—continued

IRWIN HOUSE SCHOOL, LIMPSFIELD, SURREY. Preparatory School and Kindergarten for girls and boys (5–12). Nursery Class (2–5) opening shortly. Special attention given to health and all-round development of mind and body. Progressive methods. A few boarders taken. Individual care and happy open-air life. Fees £90–£110. Principal: Miss M. U. BENHAM, B.Sc., N.F.U.

CHALLONER SCHOOL, 71 & 72 Queen's Gate, S.W.7. Frobisher 4223.
A Day and Boarding School for Girls where a liberal education achieves a high standard of work. Preparatory Department for boys and girls.

HAWNES SCHOOL, AMPTHILL. Public School on individual lines for girls from 10–19. Playing fields, park, woodland, 93 acres. Riding, swimming. Girls are prepared for the usual examinations and for University entrance or may specialise in Languages, Art, Music, Domestic Science. Fees £120–£180 p.a.

ST. CHRISTOPHER SCHOOL, LETCHWORTH (recognised by the Board of Education). A thorough education for boys and girls to 19 years, at moderate fees in an open-air atmosphere of ordered freedom and progress. Headmaster. H. LYN HARRIS, M.A., LL.B. (Camb.).

DANE COURT, PYREFORD, near Woking.
Preparatory School for Boys: recognised by the Board of Education. Progressive idea studied and practised. Fully-equipped modern buildings. Handwork Open-air activities. Hobbies. No evening prep.
H. F. POOLEY, M.A.Oxon., M.R.S.T., I.A.P.S.

ALPINE COLLEGE
Arveyes-Villars, Vaud, Switzerland. An English School at 4,100 feet on a south slope of the Alps, offering individual education and care to boys from 12 to 19. One tutor to every five boys. The school aims at developing character and initiative. Out-of-school activities include skiing, scouting, music, and acting. Ideal health conditions. Particulars from the Headmaster, J. M. S. BARNARD, M.A., who will arrange interviews in London.

TRAINING CENTRES

THE WHITEHALL SECRETARIAL COLLEGE, 36 Victoria Street, S.W.1. (Vic. 6216.)
Common sense and initiative encouraged.
Modern methods. Good openings.
Miss E. CHYNOWETH, successor to Miss Trotman.

BAR, SOLICITORS and LL.B. EXAMINATIONS. DAVIES'S announce that they have taken over the private teaching practice of the late
DR. W. NEMBHARD HIBBERT.
Half a century of experience: over 4,000 successes.
DAVIES'S, Sussex House, 1 Holland Park, W.11.
Park 4414/5.

THE QUEEN'S SECRETARIAL COLLEGE, 67 Queen's Gate, London, S.W.7.
Provides an efficient training in delightful surroundings. ALL SECRETARIAL SUBJECTS TAUGHT.
Prospectus on application. *Western 6939*

THE BEDFORD PHYSICAL TRAINING COLLEGE, 37 Lansdowne Road, Bedford, Principal: Miss STANSFELD. Students are trained in this College to become teachers of gymnastics. The course of Training extends over 3 years and includes Educational and Medical Gymnastics, Massage, Dancing, Hockey, Lacrosse, Cricket, Tennis, Netball, etc. Fees £165 per annum. For prospectus apply SECRETARY.

MAYFAIR SECRETARIAL COLLEGE, 57 Duke Street, Grosvenor Sq., W.1, provides advanced practical training and assures well-paid positions for gentlewomen. Individual tuition. For prospectus 'phone Mayfair 3111.

THE BEDFORD TRAINING COLLEGE FOR TEACHERS, 14 The Crescent, Bedford. Recognised by the Board of Education. Principal: Miss MARGARET SPENCE. Students are prepared for the examination of the National Froebel Union. The course of training is for 3 years. Fees with residence £94 10s. to £100 16s. Fees without residence £31 10s.—For particulars apply SECRETARY.

SCHOLARSHIPS, STUDENTSHIPS, Etc.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON. Applications are invited for the Metcalfe Studentship for Women, which is of the value of £70 for one year. Candidates must be graduates of a University of the United Kingdom and must be prepared to undertake research at the London School of Economics on some social, economic, or industrial problem to be approved by the University. Applications (on a prescribed form) must reach the Academic Registrar (from whom further particulars may be obtained) not later than September 1st, 1936.
June 24th, 1936.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON. Applications are invited for the Metcalfe Scholarship for Women, which is of the value of £35 a year tenable for two years. Candidates must have passed the Intermediate Examination in Economics of the University, and the scholar will be required to work as a full-time student at the London School of Economics in preparation for the B.Sc. (Economics) Degree. Applications (on a prescribed form) must reach the Academic Registrar (from whom further particulars may be obtained) not later than September 1st, 1936.
June 24th, 1936.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

UNITARIAN Publications FREE. "Freedom in Religious Belief." Miss BARMBY, Mount Pleasant, Sidmouth.

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By TOREADOR

ARMAMENT SHARES—GAUMONT-BRITISH OR TWENTIETH-CENTURY-FOX—EAGLE PREFERENCE FOR RESIDENTS ABROAD—TIN SHARES

The Stock Exchange must be excused for becoming armament-minded. When defence is discussed in the House of Commons every speaker declares himself to be a "bull" of armament shares—the Government spokesmen because they extol the speed and efficiency with which the armament contracts are being given and fulfilled, the Opposition because they deplore our increasing dependence upon private firms for armaments supply and the increasing profits which these firms are making from Government orders. This year's defence expenditure, according to Mr. Chamberlain, will be £54 millions greater than that of last year, but no one believes that it will stay at this figure. It will go on increasing, and we shall end with a gloriously big defence loan. No investor can escape sharing in the profits of rearmament. The greater part of the expenditure will go in wages, so that the consumption goods industries will benefit with the capital goods. I will give a list of shares benefiting *directly* from armament orders:

Armament Interests	Price Apx. 1st Jan. 1936	Present Price	Estimated Dividends	Estimated Yield
	s.	s.	%	%
Every Machine	9/9	8/9	6	3.3
Naval Shipbuilding Companies	5/1	5/7½	9½	4.75
Projectiles, Engine and Armour	9/-	9/3	12	6.0
Naval Shipbuilding and Armour	9/7½	14/10½	7½	2.52
Cruisers, Destroyers, Marine Engines and Boilers	17/9	20/-	10	3.42
Destroyers, Marine Engines and Boilers	9/9	8/6	5	3.0

These shares have all enjoyed sensational appreciation in the past sixteen months. None of them appears cheap on prospective dividends, which are probably put high, and one of them—Cammell Laird—appears positively dear. Most investors will still prefer Vickers, the king of all armament makers, not only because the shares have the freest market but because they will probably be written up to 30s. before the armament boom is over. Investors who have bought Gaumont-British ordinary shares at prices ranging from 4s. 9d. to 6s. this month obviously have misunderstood the news. The Ostrer brothers are not, according to the report dealing with their management control of Gaumont-British, merely selling part of their interests in the Metropolis and Bradford Trust which controls Gaumont-British. They are merely selling part of their interests in the Metropolis and Bradford Trust which controls Gaumont-British and Twentieth Century-Fox. Whether the deal has been unlimited by any binding in these two American companies is not yet known. It is always like a Hollywood marriage—but it is difficult to see how the shareholders [illegible] The American companies have a big interest in Gaumont-British, and the only way to prevent the control of Gaumont-British passing into the hands of a strong British film-making group is automatically looking after their films in the big American producers and distributing them. They will have to pay handsomely for these rights, but they will not go to Gaumont-British shareholders, to Metropolis and Bradford Trust, or to Gaumont-British itself. The American companies have a contract with Gaumont-British which, of course, cannot be broken apart from capital for the company but [illegible] contemplated. If speculators will take my advice they will sell Gaumont-British shares [illegible] common shares [illegible] Gaumont-British [illegible] Twentieth Century-Fox common shares [illegible] Gaumont-British [illegible] millions of pounds [illegible] Gaumont-British [illegible] Twentieth Century-Fox [illegible] Gaumont-British [illegible] Twentieth Century-Fox [illegible] Gaumont-British [illegible] Twentieth Century-Fox

LET'S STAY AT **HOME**

and as you look proudly round your household gods, can you say with equal pride, this is my own home? The Abbey Road is ready with ample funds to assist you to own your own home *NOW*

ABBEY ROAD

LONDON'S LARGEST BUILDING SOCIETY

SIR HAROLD BELLMAN—*Managing Director*

ABBEY ROAD BUILDING SOCIETY

Head Office: ABBEY HOUSE, BAKER STREET, N.W.1

CVS—254

The Crusade against CANCER

£150,000 urgently required

The Committee earnestly appeals for £150,000 to provide the following much needed extensions:—

1. EXTENSION TO THE RESEARCH INSTITUTE

The Royal Cancer Hospital Research Institute is one of the leading Cancer Research Centres in the World, but the work needs to be carried out more extensively and intensively.

2. ENLARGEMENT OF WARDS

The Royal Cancer Hospital was built in 1851. Many of the Wards date from that period and must be enlarged and modernised.

3. NURSES' HOME

A new addition is necessary to provide adequate comfort and rest for the Nursing Staff.

Without these necessary and too long deferred extensions the work of the Doctors and Scientists must suffer restriction.

Will you please send a Gift to the Earl of Granard?

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THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By TOREADOR

ARMAMENT SHARES—GAUMONT-BRITISH OR TWENTIETH-CENTURY-FOX—EAGLE PREFERENCE FOR RESIDENTS ABROAD—TIN SHARES

THE Stock Exchange must be excused for becoming armament-minded. When defence is discussed in the House of Commons every speaker declares himself to be a "bull" of armament shares—the Government spokesmen because they extol the speed and efficiency with which the armament contracts are being given and fulfilled, the Opposition because they deplore our increasing dependence upon private firms for armaments supply and the increasing profits which these firms are making from Government orders. This year's defence expenditure, according to Mr. Chamberlain, will be £54 millions greater than that of last year. But no one believes that it will stay at this figure. It will go on increasing, and we shall end with a gloriously big defence loan. No investor can escape sharing in the profits of rearmament. The greater part of the expenditure will go in wages, so that the consumption goods industries will benefit with the capital goods. I will give a list of shares benefiting *directly* from armament orders:

	Armament Interests.	Price Apr. 1st, 1935.	Present Price.	Estimated Dividends. %	Estimated Yield. %
Vickers 10/- ...	Every branch ...	9/9	31/9	10	3.15
John Brown 6/- ...	Naval shipbuilding, armaments ...	5/1½	37/3	22½ net.	4.75
Hadfields 10/- ...	Projectiles, armour	9/-	32/4½	12½	3.80
Cammell Laird 5/- ...	Naval shipbuilding and armour ...	2/7½	14/10½	7½	2.52
Hawthorn Leslie 10/-	Cruisers, destroyers, marine engines ...	13/6	29/-	10	3.45
Yarrow £1 ...	Destroyers, marine engines and boilers	36/9	89/6	15	3.35

These shares have all enjoyed sensational appreciation in the past sixteen months. None of them appears cheap on prospective dividends, which are probably put high, and one of them—Cammell Laird—appears positively dear. Most investors will still prefer Vickers, the king of all armament makers, not only because the shares have the freest market but because they will probably be written up to 20*s*. before the armament boom is over. Inevitably almost.

* * *

Speculators who have bought Gaumont-British ordinary shares at prices rising from 9*s*. 9*d*. to 13*s*. this month obviously have misunderstood the news. The Ostrer brothers are not, according to the report, parting with their management control of Gaumont-British: they are merely selling part of their interests in the Metropolis and Bradford Trust (which controls Gaumont-British) to an American group consisting of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and Twentieth-Century-Fox. Whether the deal has been confirmed by, and is binding on, these two American companies is not yet clear—a big film deal is always like a Hollywood marriage—but if it is really "official" I cannot see how the shareholders of Gaumont-British benefit. The American companies have a twofold object: (1) they want to prevent the control of Gaumont-British passing into the hands of a strong British film combine which might cock a snook at the big American producers, and (2) they want to secure automatic booking of their films in the Gaumont-British circuit. They will have to pay heavily for these advantages, but the gain will not go to Gaumont-British shareholders, but to shareholders in the Metropolis and Bradford Trust. The shareholders of Gaumont-British would, of course, benefit if the new interests were to raise fresh capital for the company, but I have not heard that this is contemplated. If speculators really want a film gamble, I would advise them to sell Gaumont-British and buy Twentieth-Century-Fox common shares at $27¼. This company reported earnings of $1.40 per share for the half year ending June. It is making huge profits on its Shirley Temple films (which, I am told, gross $1½ millions per film) and regularly satisfactory profits on its cheaper productions. The common shares are, of course, a "radical gamble" (widows and orphans keep off!). It may be more conservative to buy the $1.50 convertible preferred stock at 35—callable at 35 and convertible into 1¼ common shares.

* * *

Not long ago I tried to satisfy a reader living on the Gold Coast who wanted the impossible—an investment to yield 5 per cent. I suggested Telephone and General Trust £1 ordinary shares at 32*s*. and, as an alternative, Anglo-American Telegraph deferred stock at 30. This was followed by a letter from a Major, resident in Hamburg, who pointed out that if the Gold Coast investor survived the Gold Coast, which he doubted, a security which paid dividends free of British income tax to residents abroad would be found more useful than 5 per cent. subject to tax. I accept the correction, and in this class of stock I am reminded of Mexican Eagle and Canadian Eagle 1st preference shares, which apparently satisfy "tax free" requirements. These two companies jointly guarantee their preference dividends. These dividends were temporarily passed when the Mexican Eagle lawsuit was going on, but there was never any need for this lapse as the preference dividends were always earned and were always held in cash in reserve. Both companies hold British Government securities more than equal to the total amounts outstanding of their first preference share capital. In fact, these preference shares are as sound as any industrial preference share can be. Unfortunately, the shares are quoted in the market above their redemption prices, but, even so, the yields, after allowing for redemption, are attractive.

	Nominal Value.	Redemption Terms.	Price.	Current Yield.	Redemption Yield %.
Mexican Eagle Oil 7% Preference.	8/-	8/4½ on 30.4.47.	9/1½	£6 2 9	£5 5 6 gross
Canadian Eagle 7% Preference.	12/-	12/7½ on 30.4.47.	14/-	£6 0 0	£5 9 0 „

* * *

My Statistical Assistant cannot keep his fountain pen off mining reports, although he admits that most mining calculations are a waste of time when sudden changes in prices and production quotas can throw the best-laid schemes right out of gear. This week he thinks there is scope for the exercise of talent in tin shares, even for the institutional investor.

Statistical Assistant: Tin shares have been rather under the weather in recent months, because the international restriction scheme is due to expire at the end of the year. However, the danger that Bolivia would fall out with Malaya appears to have passed. It is true that the smaller tin producers, Siam and Belgian Congo, are a thorn in the flesh, but their signatures to a new agreement could be bought to-morrow if the price were high enough. The price of tin is firm around £190 per ton, and I would bet on some restriction scheme being renewed.

Toreador: Let us have some figures, please.

Statistical Assistant: No calculations for me this time. The price of tin will probably rise or fall £10 a ton before we go to press. Tin company years usually end in March. Although the price of tin now is lower than the average for the year ended March, 1936, the present quota of 90 per cent. of standard tonnages compares with 70 per cent. and I am quite prepared to estimate that current profits are not lower than those earned in the last financial year. Consider Southern Kinta. It paid a dividend of 20 per cent. last year, earned with a small margin apart from the non-recurring profits on the sales of the buffer stocks. At the present price of 12*s*. 9*d*. the yield is 7¾ per cent. Or take Consolidated Tin Smelters. Its profits depend not so much on the price but on the volume of tin passing through the smelter. Actually the profits for the year just ended were disappointing, partly because the company was held up by short deliveries of Bolivian ore, partly because in the previous year it had the profits from smelting the non-recurring "buffer stock" production. Current earnings should show an improvement. The ordinary shares at 29*s*., cum dividend, yield 5 per cent.

Toreador: That will not make insurance actuaries excited. I cannot see them switching from War Loan or even Imperial Chemical ordinary into Southern Kinta or Tin Smelters.

Statistical Assistant: Try them with London Tin 7½ per cent. preference shares which at 10*s*. 6*d*. yield over 7 per cent. The profits for 1935/6 covered the 7½ per cent. dividend nearly twice over, but because of £68,000 written off certain loans and the debit balance brought forward on profit and loss account of £80,000, only 3¾ per cent. was paid on the preference shares. However, the full dividend of 7½ per cent. and possibly the arrears of 3¾ per cent. may be expected this year, and there is the remote prospect of receiving a participating dividend of 2½ per cent. The balance sheet has been cleaned up, and the asset value of the preference shares cannot be less than 27*s*. 6*d*. per share.

	Last Year's Dividend.	Expected Dividend.	Break-up Value.	Price.	Yield.
Southern Kinta, 5/-. ...	20%	20%	—	12/9	£7 15 0
Cons. Tin Smelters, £1	7%	7%	—	29/-cd	£5 0 0
London Tin Pref., 10/-.	3¾%	7½%	27/6	10/6	£7 0 0

Toreador: If you like these shares I cannot think why you do not recommend British Tin Investment 10*s*. shares at 12*s*. 3*d*. to yield 7 per cent. on last year's dividends of 8½ per cent. This tin investment trust holds all your shares except Anglo-Oriental, and most of the best producers in the industry.

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(2) ENLARGEMENT OF WARDS

The Royal Cancer Hospital was built in 1851. Many of the Wards date from that period and must be enlarged and modernised.

(3) NURSES' HOME

A new addition is necessary to provide adequate comfort and rest for the Nursing Staff.

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